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CONTENTS:

EDITORIAL NOTES:
Marriage of Divorced Persons — The Common Schools — Paddy's New Idea — Profits of Father Burke's Lectures — Warriors vs. Statesmen — The Nationalist — Taxing Knowledge — Catholic World for February — A New Church Organization — The Pope's Allocution, — The Spiritists' View of Purgatory — Popular Science Monthly — Concealed Weapons, — 245
LEADERS:
With Clean Hands — Priest and Parson, — 246
CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES:
Fashion's Follies, — 247
CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES, — 247
Foreign Church Items, — 248
VARIOUS NOTES:
What Popes pay for Royalty — Protestant Bibles in Africa — English Established Church — Criminal Statistics of Toronto, — 251
FARM NOTES:
The Mammoth Grape-vine — Corn for Fuel — Contrast of Climates — Transplanting Trees, — 251
SELECTED MATTERS:
Napoleon the Great on the Divinity of Christ, — 251
Catholic Missions Among the Indians, — 252
Catholic Schools and Universities in the Dark Ages — The Pope's Allocution, — 254
LOCAL MATTERS:
Catholic Sunday Schools, — 254
Pacific Coast Items — The Orphan Asylum, — 255

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QUARTERLY REVIEW.

LAST SERIES. VOL. I. NO. I.

January, 1873.

CONTENTS.

ART. PAGE.

I. — INTRODUCTION TO THE LAST SERIES, — I

II. — THE PAPACY AND THE REPUBLIC 9

III. — THE DOLLINGERITES, NATIONALISTS, AND THE PAPACY, — 34

IV. — RELIGIOUS NOVELS, AND WOMAN

versus WOMAN, — 53

Hornehurst Rectory. By SISTER MARY FRANCIS CLARE.

Mrs. Gerald's Niece. By LADY GEORGINA FULLERTON.

The House of York.

V. — ARCHBISHOP MANNING'S LECTURES, — 69

Lectures on The Four Great

Evils of the Day; The Fourfold Sovereignty of God; and the

Grounds of Faith. By the Most Reverend HENRY EDWARD MANNING.

VI. — WHAT IS THE NEED OF REVELATION? — 85

VII. — POLITICS AT HOME, — 95

VIII. — EUROPEAN POLITICS, — 111

IX. — LITERARY NOTICES AND CRITICISMS, — 129

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" in Grammar Department.....	5.00
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Vacation at College.....	40.00

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All communications regarding the College to be addressed to the Secretary, REV. F. ANTHONY, Very Rev. P. HENNEBECK, Superior

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(Payable half-yearly, in advance.)	
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Washing.....	45.00
Entrance Fee.....	10.00

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Letters of inquiry may be addressed to the SISTER SUPERIOR.

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Tuition, Board and Washing, per session of ten and a half months.....	150.50

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Money will not be advanced by the College; for the purchase of necessary articles, a sufficient sum must be deposited.

For further particulars, apply to

jan1-tf REV. J. J. O'KEEFE, O. S. F.

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The Catholic Guardian.

"I BELIEVE IN ONE HOLY CATHOLIC AND APOSTOLIC CHURCH."

VOL. II.

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 1, 1873.

NO. 21.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A WRITER in the *Pacific Churchman* (Episcopal) says it has been a law of that Church, for the last four years, forbidding the clergy to celebrate the marriage ceremony in the case of parties who have sought divorce on other than the Scripture ground—a violation of the seventh commandment. "And," adds the writer, "she therefore is to be understood as prohibiting among her members the contracting and ecclesiastical recognition of such unscriptural marriages for all future time. Whatever may have been allowed in the past in the dim and undefined state of the canon laws of the American Church, there can be no doubt of the ground which she now occupies, and has occupied for the last four years." In so very important a matter, it strikes us that an organization claiming to be, *par excellence*, the Church, has been rather slow to act! And even now the prohibition to the laity is only by inference! For nearly nineteen centuries these things have been *dim* and *undefined*! But even in the last four years, since the "definition of the dogma," the writer complains that the laity have not paid sufficient attention to it! This, however, he attributes to the neglect of the clergy and the press in not posting them on so important a subject. Now we would like to know how the Church proposes to enforce this new rule? Suppose a minister does perform the ceremony for a divorced person, what is the penalty? Or, suppose a divorced person, belonging to the Church, goes to an esquire, "with pride on his brow," and has the knot tied, what is to be done with the offending party? Marriage is recognized, if we mistake not, by that Church as a civil contract—that is, persons married by a civil officer can participate in all the rites of the Church. Then do not remarried divorced persons have the same standing in the Church as others? It resolves itself back, after all, into individual responsibility—each person can do as he or she may think proper in the matter, and there is no competent authority to say that a wrong has been done, or prescribe a remedy.

THE recent action of the Educational Society of the Methodist Church, in condemning the common schools, worries many of our progressive newspapers not a little. They "regret to see it"—they "are certain the laity of the Methodist Church will not indorse the sentiments uttered at the meeting"—the "remarks were ill-advised," and all that—but all the articles we have seen, after threatening and cajoling, wind up with the crushing statement that such action is indorsed by the "Romish" Church! This is advanced as the end of all argument. Says one of these: "Dr. HOLMES and the small band of Methodist clergy who spoke the other evening at the meeting of the Educational Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, over which Bishop JANES presides, in favor of sectarian schools, and denounced the public, were only adopting the argument of the Roman priests, and advancing their plans. It is quite certain that they will find no support among the laity of the Methodist Church. The American system of education has fixed its strong foundations in the hearts of the people. It is the offspring as well as the chief support of freedom. On it rests the hopes of the republic. That mental equality which it tends to produce can alone soften sectional discord and diminish religious asperity." Yes, it is perfectly plain that it diminishes religious asperity, because it destroys religion entirely. But few of the graduates of the common school enlist under the banner of the cross unless there is "money in it." "Put script in thy purse," is the only scriptural injunction they are taught to respect. Money is their God, and right faithfully do they serve it.

"PADDY'S NEW IDEA," from the pen of G. A. K., has been received, but too late for insertion this week. It will be examined, and if it does not tread too hard on the "chronic bunions" of some of our friends, it will appear in our next. We intend, however, to allow a considerable degree of latitude to responsible correspondence. Several correspondents have found fault with G. A. K.'s last—none of the remarks, however, were intended for publication except those of our friend Prospector, of Havilah. He says: "I have just read 'Paddy Defending Himself, and Representing a New Idea,' but, to my

certain knowledge, this idea is nearly a year old. It is one of many such papers as our ex-Governor DOWNEY read for us on last ST. PATRICK's day; but he has ground it down a good deal since then. At the first reading, he exhorted us to renounce our Irish nationality, and be content with remaining subjects of the great, good, and invincible British Empire. He then besought us to leave our antiquated religious prejudices, and become members of some progressive fraternity, all of which stand ready to receive us with open arms. So you see the Doctor, like most of our anti-Fenian countrymen, is a Free-mason, and an ardent propagator of infidelity. I have often heard renegades like PADDY talk about their patriotism, but that costs nothing, and is good for less." PROSPECTOR winds up by intimating that G. A. K. is an *alias* for J. G. D., in which supposition he is very much mistaken. But we will examine that new "Idea."

IT is stated that during the short time Father BURKE has been in America he has contributed, by his lectures, to different charitable and benevolent objects, over three hundred thousand dollars. When the talents of God have given to man can be put to such good uses, what an awful reckoning must be in store for them to whom He has given much, but who use it to no good purpose. One who labors as Father BURKE does for the good of suffering humanity will be apt to hear the glad words, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant!"

A DEBATING society at Oakland have had under discussion a resolution affirming that a warrior was of more benefit to his country in time of peace than a statesman in time of war! And it was decided in the affirmative! We always thought that when a country was at war was the very time she needed her statesmen, but this Oakland society has voted him a nuisance!

WE have received the first four numbers of the *Nationalist*, a new Irish paper, published by R. D. PITTS & CO., and edited by H. F. BYRNE. It is a small quarto, neatly printed and ably edited. The subscription price is three dollars per annum. The cause it is established to advocate has our sympathy, if we can not always agree with the policy advocated by the editor. Although it is not the province or the intention of the editor of the GUARDIAN to discuss mere political questions, we will never throw a stone in the path of any paper advocating the cause of an oppressed people.

WE are glad to note the fact that our city dailies have committed themselves against taxing knowledge. The Mercantile Library was taxed some \$2,500, and the learned Librarian, Mr. STEBBINS, makes an argument against the policy of taxing libraries. He finds that California is the only State in the Union that does such things. And we agree with the Librarian and the San Francisco dailies, that public libraries should not be taxed; but the same rule should be extended to school property, and, for that matter, to churches. We know of one institution in this city which pays a large tax, which educates some eight hundred children free of charge. And it is open to all. No child is turned away. Neither is there an admittance or membership fee, as in the case of the Mercantile Library. If the press desire a stronger case to illustrate their arguments on the exemption question, we can give them this one. So we agree with the *Bulletin*, that the Legislature should so amend the organic law—or submit to amendment—that such property could be exempted from taxation. But when the time comes, we hope these papers will not forget what they have now written.

THE *Catholic World* for February has been received, and is a most valuable number. The two articles—"Who Made our Laws?" and "The Church the Champion of Marriage," are very able, and are worth the full price of the magazine. We quote a random paragraph from the first of these: "For instance, the possession of real estate forms one of the principal attractions for the ambition of industrious Americans, yet how few of them ever think that the laws regulating its disposition, acquisition, and inheritance are the very enactments framed by monks, hundreds of years ago, and recognized by armed laymen, after long, and at times doubtful, contests with the advocates of the arbitrary feudal system. Per-

sonal liberty, speedy trial by our peers, were first secured in an incontestable form by an archbishop of the Church which some of our so-called and "loudly called" preachers are never tired of denouncing as tyrannical. That the right of the people governed, to elect representatives to make laws affecting their "lives, liberty and pursuit of happiness," was obtained and carried into practical effect by a Catholic statesman many centuries before THOMAS JEFFERSON or BENJAMIN FRANKLIN were born, seems to have been forgotten by our pseudo-liberals; while the grand principle of political equality, which lies at the foundation of our Republic, instead of being less than a hundred years old, is coeval with Christianity itself, and in its operation within the Church is more expansive and less discriminating as regards social rank and condition." The contents of the number before us are as follows: "Who Made our Laws;" "Dante's Purgatorio;" "The Church the Champion of Marriage;" "Fleurange;" "Cologne;" "John;" "The International Congress of Prehistoric Anthropology and Archaeology;" "The See of Peter;" "Atlantic Drift—Gathered in the Steerage;" "A Daughter of S. Dominic;" "The Progressionists;" "F. James Marquette, S.J.;" "Prayer of Custance;" "Acoma;" "New Publications."

AN item in the daily papers informs us that "A church founded on a catholic basis was organized at Seminary Park, Alameda County, January 10th. Nineteen young ladies, connected with Mills' Seminary, united. Rev. Dr. POOR, of the San Francisco Theological Seminary, and Rev. GEORGE MOOR, of the Pacific Theological Seminary, conducted the services." Some new invention, we suppose, of some enterprising Yankee; but we would like to know just what kind of basis the new candidate for the favor of the independent theological thinkers has. This to include all, we suppose. Those who believe none but the elect can be saved, and those who believe all will be saved can meet in perfect accord in this new Catholic institution! Theologians seem to be as busy inventing doctrines as are the Yankees in turning out improved mouse-traps and steam-engines.

THE celebrated Allocution of the Holy Father, the publication of which was prohibited in Germany, was only received by us in time for our second edition last week. It appears in the first edition this week. We desire to call particular attention to that portion of the Allocution referring to Germany. The secular press, even in *free* America, has condemned the language of the Holy Father, and has held it as an insult to the German Government. They have quoted approvingly from the *North German Gazette*, which says it is an unpardonable insult to the Emperor of Germany, and adds that the Pope's "colossal impudence" calls for the immediate passage of a law defining the boundaries between the state and the Church of Rome. We reproduce the language here in order to call the reader's attention to the particular words which were considered so very insulting:

But the very bitter grief that weighs on us on account of these and so many other wrongs to the Church in Italy are not a little increased by the cruel persecutions to which she is exposed elsewhere. Principally in that new German Empire, where, not only by secret contriving, but by open violence, it is sought to destroy her, even to the foundations. Men are found there, not only not professing our most holy religion, but who do not know it, and yet claim for themselves the power of defining the dogmas and the rights of the Catholic Church. And while they vex her exceedingly, they do not scruple to say that they are doing her no wrong. Nay, adding calumny and insult to their wrong, they are not ashamed to charge their raging persecution as the fault of Catholics; because the prelates and clergy, together with the faithful, refuse to prefer the laws and orders of the civil Empire to the most holy laws of their God, and of the Church; and so will not leave off their religious duty. Oh, that the rulers of commonwealths could persuade themselves to learn, from so long an experience, that there are none of their subjects who, more scrupulously than Catholics, render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, for the very reason that they scrupulously take care to render to God the things that are God's.

So very "insulting" was this language considered that newspapers were suppressed that dared to print it! And almost the entire secular press in this country indorse the action of the Emperor! We ask any unprejudiced Protestant who may happen to read this to study it over and see if he can find any thing in it to justify its sup-

pression in a country claiming to be governed by written laws ; we ask him if the secular and Protestant press of this country can find an excuse for indorsing such action ? Let the Catholic give it a close reading, and gain from the course of the press of this country some idea of the fair dealing he may expect at their hands. We would like, also, for those papers which have indorsed the action of the German government in its suppression, to give all this paragraph and then tell us in what particular it was insulting. This shows that the wolf drinking at the brook was not more eager to pick a quarrel with the lamb than was the German Emperor to find an "insult" in the language of the Pope.

SOME kind spirit wafted the GUARDIAN of November 23d, containing some account of the Virginia ghost, to the sanctum of the *Banner of Light*, the organ of the Spiritists ; and, in his issue of January 11th, the editor gives us some two and a half columns of explanations. The editor is not in the least stumped at any of the answers, explaining even those relating to purgatory. The Spirits, he says, teach that there is a purgatory, or a punishment for souls not properly spiritualized. This explanation is to us original, although we have studied the phenomena not a little. The editor was personally told, by one SAMUEL A. WAY, that it was "impossible to break the chains which bound his interior self to the scenes of time"—whatever this may mean. The *Banner* says :

On the day fixed for his funeral, he was present in spirit, and when his body was placed in the hearse, he mounted the vehicle beside the driver, and demanded of him to be carried to his banking-house, as it was "business hours," and his presence was necessary there. But his voice could not reach the ear of the undertaker, and so he was borne to the grave instead. His feelings at that and subsequent periods were such that, with regard to them, he used to use the forcible expression : "Talk about an Orthodox hell ! Why, this state of mind is as much worse than it as the keenest imagination of man can conceive ! it is terrible ! terrible ! terrible !" Another, Ebenezer Francis, formerly a very rich and miserly merchant of Boston, has also borne witness to the truth of this theory, viz. : that he was attached spiritually to the physical structure of an humble Irish laborer, and found his "purgatory" in sweeping the streets of the city where once, in the flesh, he walked, filled with the thought of his great possessions.

This was certainly hard on the millionaire, and we would advise those remaining on the earth to make a note of it ! A perusal of the contents of one number of the *Banner* would satisfy any one that the DEVIL has worked up a wonderful system. But that it is the work of the DEVIL, we are as well satisfied as of the fact of our existence.

TO BANCROFT & CO., the agents of the *Popular Science Monthly*, we are indebted for the February number. Take from it its tendency toward the materialistic school of the day—the DARWINS, the TYNDALLS, and others, and this would be a valuable work. We can not say that it is exactly the thing we would put in the hands of young men. While there are in it many valuable papers, there are those in each number that would give to the young man—always jealous of restraint—the idea that the mind of man was able to stand alone, and be as well off without Divine revelation as with it—or, if any thing, better. "The law of Storms Developed," by Prof. THOMPSON B. MAURY, in the number for this month, is a very valuable paper. The development of this law will prove of the greatest advantage to the country. For instance, we see it announced that the approach of storms is to be telegraphed to all the postmasters, who will hang a bulletin on the outside of his office—so that it becomes public property. Thus the farmer can make preparations days ahead. How often is it that the farmer says : "I would like to know if it will rain to-morrow ;" or, for that matter, people engaged in any business. Besides this article, the number contains : "Heat and Life ;" "Nervous Health and Moral Health ;" "Brain-Work and the Emotions ;" "The Romance of Medicine ;" "The Expression of the Emotions ;" "The Study of Sociology ;" "The Warming of Houses ;" "Is Electricity Life ?" "Do Birds improve in Nest-Building ?" "The Antipodes and Perioeci ;" "Useful Things ;" "Mr. Charles Robert Darwin ;" "Editor's Table ;" "Literary Notices ;" "Miscellany ;" "Notes."

THE practice of carrying concealed weapons can not be too strongly reprobated ; but, for obvious reasons, any law against the practice must remain a dead letter. It may prevent a few good men, who fear being brought before the Police Court, from carrying a weapon for self-defense, but your hoodlums and bummers do not value the law. If these people will persist in this outrageous practice, they should be made to suffer severely, when evil grows out of it. Shooting of bystanders is of frequent occurrence, and is laid generally to accident ; but it is an accident which is very seldom justified. If a man chooses to make a walking arsenal of himself, let him take the consequences on his own shoulders.

IN the Spanish Cortes the bill to abolish slavery in Porto Rico is now being discussed fully.

WITH CLEAN HANDS.

IT is one of the well-settled principles of the law courts, that he who asks a redress of grievances must come into court with clean hands—that is, he must not himself have been guilty of the same offense toward the party of whom he complains. Moreover, it has always been considered pusillanimous for an aggressive party to whine and simper, like a whipped hound ; or, to be more Shakespearean, "like a sick girl." The Catholics of the United States have never asked a favor of the Government since it has been a government. If they have been criminal in any one particular, it has been in the too weak demand of their rights. The first of the American colonies that proclaimed a universal liberty of conscience—and they lived up to it—was Maryland, a Catholic colony. No single act of persecution "for opinion's sake," can be found on the part of any Catholic settlement in the United States. Their religion teaches them to obey the laws as they find them, and to take no unlawful steps to change that which they do not like. Since the landing of the *Mayflower* at Plymouth rock there has been a constant cry against the Catholic power. This cry has brought on arson, bloodshed, disgrace to the country, but we find it at this day more loud, more venomous than ever. A Catholic can now hardly pick up a paper without finding some open or covert attack upon the Church ; he can not pass a news-stand without having insulting pictures staring him in the face. Pasted against the windows of these, we find an infamous "cartoon," with an article following, published in *Harper's Weekly* for January 18. The "cartoon" is taken from the German, KAULBACH, which is thus described by the writer in the *Weekly* :

He chose a true story—a frightful deed of blind fanaticism. He prepared a cartoon that might well be placed upon the walls of every American as well as German home. In the public square of Saragossa, before the magnificent palace of the Inquisition, stands the Grand Inquisitor, Peter Arribes, the papal saint, about to condemn to the flames a family of heretics. Sightless, trembling with years, supported on one side by a withered monk, whose countenance glows with malice ; on the other by one young and fair, but whose rigid features are cruel with early bigotry, the tall, gaunt, powerful frame of the fierce priest seems to gain a new vigor as he proceeds with his fearful labors. His features are lit with a dreadful lustre—the joy of a fury or a demon. Before him kneel his victims. They are evidently persons cultivated, wealthy, and free from fault. The daughter hides her face in agony ; the mother kneels with her little child ; the father is lost in supplication. An old serving-woman is seen behind, ready to share the doom of the hapless family she had loved. The Inquisitor touches the head of the daughter with his staff, and pronounces the sentence of the victims. What that doom is, may be seen in the background of the picture, where heretics, bound to the stake, are discovered perishing in the flames, and monks heaping faggots around the pile. Above the scene rises a crucifix ; an image of the Virgin, her heart pierced with arrows, seems to weep over the spectacle. Impassive priests stand around ; one is already filching the money of the condemned. Nor could blind fanaticism, the scourge of generations in Europe and America, have been more fitly represented than in Kaulbach's powerful cartoon. Youth, beauty, innocence, intelligence, the symbols of progress and mental vigor, are seen withering in the fires of odious superstition.

Without stopping here to defend the Church against the calumnies of "history," let us suggest a cartoon for a future number of the *Weekly*. Neither will we go back to despotic countries—to an unlettered people—to the "dark ages," so-called, for a subject, but we will locate it at the "Hub"—the seat of learning of the progressive nineteenth century ! Our principal figure shall be a tall, gaunt, long-haired, narrow-eyed "minister of the gospel;" one who prides himself on his learning, his piety, his zeal in promoting "gospel truths." Around him stand an angry crowd—all educated at the common schools ; not the ignorant, superstitious rabble of the "dark ages," mind you. This pious Christian minister is proclaiming to this body of educated men that a community of women belonging to the Romish Church have actually had the temerity to establish a school under the very shadow of Bunker Hill monument, and that it must be destroyed. Then see the torch applied ; see those who have vowed to devote their whole lives to the service of God, whose only work on earth is to educate the rising generation and alleviate suffering in every form, fleeing for their lives before this m—, no, not mob, but this body of educated men—the flower of the nineteenth century—the graduates of the boasted system of American free education—led by the pious Christian minister above described ; see those defenseless women stripped of their clothing, dragged by the hair of the head, and subjected to every indignity which could be thought of by these educated people ! Off in the background let us have a few incidents which occurred in a neighboring city. The principal actors in this scene are the same pious minister, with his common school graduates. This portion of the picture we will leave to a Protestant pen to describe : "Two Catholic churches burned ; one thrice fired and desecrated. A Catholic seminary and retreat consumed by the torches of an incendiary mob ; two rectories and a most valuable library destroyed ; forty dwellings in ruins ; about forty lives

sacrificed and sixty of our fellow-citizens wounded." * Or, if we should go back a little earlier, there might be placed in the distance a Catholic priest being hanged in New York, for his religion ; also, a priest receiving sentence of banishment from New England, and one being put to death for daring to return.† To give variety to the "cartoon," it might be well to have one of the Pilgrim fathers, so much revered in the United States, punching a hole in a Quaker's tongue with a red-hot iron. Here is a cartoon which, well executed, "might be placed upon the walls of any American home !"

Nearly all the Protestant colonies passed stringent laws against Catholics ; but there was no retaliation when the latter were in power. To get an excuse for attacking the Church they are compelled to go back to what they tell us now were the "dark ages" of the world. Even so conservative a colony as New York had a severe law against Catholics. Chancellor KENT, in his "Commentaries on American Law," (volume xi, p. 63) speaking of the laws against the Catholics, says :

So extremely strong, and so astonishingly fierce and unrelenting was public prejudice on this subject, in the early part of our colonial history, that we find it declared by law, in the early part of the last century, (Colony Laws, vol. i, p. 38, Livingston's and Smith's edition) that every Jesuit and popish priest who should continue in the colony after a given day, should be condemned to *perpetual imprisonment* ; and if he broke prison and escaped, and was retaken, *he should be put to death*. That law, said Mr. Smith, the historian of the colony, as late as 1756, (Smith's History of New York, p. 111) was worthy of perpetual duration.

And Chancellor Kent seems to lean toward Smith's opinion. But will any of them show us any more glaring cases of persecution by Catholic power—for we claim that all those actions were political—of the "dark ages" than can be shown of Protestants in these United States—claimed to be the freest and most tolerant country under the sun ? Where, in any civilized country on the face of the earth, do we find Catholics openly advocating the extermination of Protestants, as many of our newspapers are doing in free, constitutional America ? The article from which we have quoted is one long appeal to the mob spirit in the people. Before they bring such serious charges against Catholics, they should see to it that their own hands are clean. Remember the parable of the mote and the beam.

* Olive Branch.

† No priest shall abide in this dominion : he shall be banished, and suffer death on his return. Priests may be seized by any one without warrant.—Blue Laws of Connecticut.

PRIEST AND PARSON.

A MONG the many characters which go to make up the great body of society, perhaps no two, professing the same objects and aims, are so entirely dissimilar as the Priest and the Parson. Their vocation, in each instance, is professedly the care of the souls of their fellow-men, and the alleviation of the lot of the afflicted, so far as in them lies. In this busy, thoughtless world, there are many persons who think of these two prominent performers in the great tragedy of life in a spirit charitable at least, if not just. To them the Priest and the Parson are both useful members of society—only this, and nothing more. They serve to keep in check the lawless spirits of those for whom the human laws have little terrors, and are most convenient consolers for old women and bed-ridden sinners, who can no longer hope for any thing further in the world which they are about quitting. It is unnecessary to describe minutely the people who entertain these opinions, for the world knows them well, and they meet us at every turn in the walks of life. Though they deny the divine mission to Priest as well as Parson, we can not, on this account, class them as infidels or unbelievers, for it is probable they have, in their self-conceit, never given the subject sufficient thought to form any very decided opinion which might not be shaken if properly assailed. It is not, however, of these whom we would now treat, but rather of the two characters whom they are inclined to consider at once so kindly and in a manner so decidedly charitable. In the comparison which we shall draw between the Priest and the Parson, if, perchance, we should show that the latter could exhibit but little claim to the divine mission, though it may add nothing to his importance in the premises, yet it will detract something from the offense of unbelieving, which we have charged to those to whom we above referred. The Parson of the present day is easily described. He is one who has probably received a good education—we say probably, for we have heard some parsons preach, whom the Almighty, had he really recognized them as his agents on earth, must, out of mercy to the auditors, have gifted with the speech that once infused the Apostles, speaking to the people. To say that they knew not the King's English—that they failed to convey what worked within their brain—would be a something which we should not raise against them. The heart may be right, though the eloquence and rhythm of tongue be wanting ; but if the heart and mind know not the vocation which they should follow, the objection, grave and serious, can well be brought to bear. The

Parson is really a business man—that is, he makes his calling, from the very moment of his entering upon it, an instrument to be used for his self-profit, maintenance, and personal aggrandizement. While he is in the theological college or seminary, if he is one of those who have even had this much preparation for the great work which they propose to do, his mind is ever active with the thoughts and hopes of a rich living to come. He is not so anxious as to the results which his preaching and teaching will effect—the souls which will be saved through his instrumentality and works—as he is as to how much he will receive per year, and how much may be saved from a salary at such a figure. That these are not mere empty assertions, is proved by the disgraceful scramble which is continually going on among the young divines for the rich preferments and large and fashionable congregations. One of these prizes in the clerical lottery, let us suppose, is obtained. The Parson, being young, and supposedly handsome, becomes now the observed and admired of the youthful and marriageable females of the flock over which he is called to preside. He has already shown his appreciation of the value of money, and it is not long before he has asked and been granted the hand of one of the daughters of the wealthiest member of the congregation. The Parson has taken unto himself a wife, and if, during the honey-moon which follows, a soul or two, that he has undertaken to care for, should straggle off and be lost, why, under the circumstances, who could blame the Parson? The care of a wife—so those who are capable of knowing tell us—is no light matter, and requires no little attention. The Parson, however, finds time still left to look after his flock—not as much, perhaps, as he knows it deserves, but still enough to entitle him to claim his salary, and profess to follow his vocation. By and by there come the olive branches which cluster about the family tree, and with them the greatest cares of all; but still he finds time to prepare his weekly sermon, and, perchance, now and then to visit the bedside of some invalid member. Money matters, of course, engross considerable of his attention. The salary, which was large, has not been squandered by the prudent man in luxuriant living or in ill-bestowed charity; and the savings from it begin to demand much care and attention. Then there are an hundred and one petty cares and ambitions, all growing out of his peculiar and wonderfully embarrassed vocation, which must keep his mind occupied to a greater or less degree, and yet he is following his vocation and fulfilling the divine mission of caring for the souls of his fellow-men and alleviating the lot of the afflicted. We do not honestly believe that we have drawn an exaggerated picture of the Parson of the present day. Look about in this city of many sects, and see if the great majority of Protestant divines are not fit subjects for this portrait. And yet these are the men who claim to be the agents of God on earth. Reader, do you believe that God has made such choice to do His work?

No man stumbles into the Priesthood, or makes it a vehicle for his ambitious and selfish projects. The fathers of the Church, recognizing the fact that a vocation is required in every profession, and in none so urgently as in the clergy, have wisely enacted that a course of study and rigid discipline be undergone before holy orders can be obtained. The Catholic seminaries throughout the country are filled with young Religious undergoing the trying ordeal. There is no vain longing there for the good things of the world, but prayers for the tribulations that chasten and sanctify. The young Priest goes willingly upon the mission which his superior has ordered. If it be where disease and the dire wrath of savage men are, still is he as ready in his movements. No wife nor children hang upon his neck and call him back. He has work to do—souls are to be saved, and he is eager to be in the performance of it. His mind is not taken up with the thoughts of the empty vanities of this world; he cares nothing for a fashionable congregation, or the salary which these may bring him. He asks for strength to do the office of his Divine Master—for this, and nothing more. He gives himself up for the good of others, he watches with them in their affliction, prays with them in their distress, and his time is always theirs. Contrast this character with the one which we have already drawn, and then honestly acknowledge which comes nearer to that which the Redeemer formed for His apostles. Or, take a practical view of the subject, and decide which of the two is the better fitted for the great and glorious work which both profess. Have we colored our picture of the Priest too highly? Have we given him more than his due? Go count the holy men in all lands—as missionaries, as teachers and confessors—men who gave up home, friends, comforts, and every thing which men hold dear in life, to labor in the cause of Christ, and say if we have said too much. Or look about us, nearer home, and among the pastors who labor from the rising to the going down of the sun in their holy calling—find one who is unworthy the description we have written. The Priest and the Parson—to which shall we give the care of our souls? Reason finds a ready reply.

FASHION'S FOLLIES.

ONE of the greatest evils of our day is the extravagance into which our ladies are led by the follies of fashion. The wife of the clerk, or the man of small means, whose salary is barely a support, must be dressed in the fashion. We think it the duty of those ladies whose position enables them to act independently to set an example of plain dressing. On this subject we have been permitted to publish the following letter from one young lady to another. It is only by holding the mirror up to nature that we can correct our faults. This young lady evidently had her eyes open as she drove around our city.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Jan. 12th, 1873.

MY DEAR KATHLEEN:—It is Sunday, and I have just returned from church, but without waiting any longer I must let my dearest friend have the benefit of my first impressions of San Francisco. Truly, the climate is charming—climate comes first, don't it, pet? If not I shall stand corrected by your word. Even my poor invalid mother enjoyed the sunshine as she rode to church in our open barouche, with scarce any wrappings. I can not realize that you are surrounded with great banks of snow—dear snow, so beautiful, so fairy, and fleecy, and white, but oh, so treacherous in its beauty, stinging us with its frost. Here, the hills around the city have already changed the brown robes of autumn for the soft green of spring, and you may be sure that I have already attached myself to the climate. You have, doubtless, read something of the Modoc War on the borders of our State. Well, I have not been there—not a Modoc have I seen, but I have become considerably intimate with numbers of the Aborigines who still reside in the city. The Government seems to have acceded to their long-standing pre-emption claim. They dwell in the sand—are thirsty cannibals, and delight to drink human blood; for this purpose they rush into public places, take possession of the best seats, and have a great influence in forming the manners of the people. The tendency of this influence being toward a barbarous activity rather than elegant repose. We are told that they have a special fancy for new-comers, and attack them with peculiar enthusiasm, and will not desist until the intruder on their claim becomes quite *au fait* in their ways. Wonderful, but hideous creatures! they seem well-fitted to bring into active exercise all the latent cruelty of man's nature. You would be astonished could you see my delight when I am able to assassinate one. If I am fortunate enough to seize one by the nape of his neck I have no compassion. I glare at him with my eyes! my teeth are set, till, seeing I have him secure, I assume a more dignified composure, and imagining myself a judge on the bench, I address the prisoner at the bar. I remind him of his barbarous qualities, of the perfect folly of trying to imbue him with any moral sentiments, and, finally, close by commanding him to Darwin, and the lugubrious shades of his—Darwin's—ancestry, and instantly changing my office, I dispatch him with a gloating triumph. As I said before, these do not belong to the Modoc tribe, but to the more vengeful tribe of fleas which even the blood-hounds used in the Seminole War would fail to exterminate.

I suppose you are thinking and wondering if I have kept my pledge as one of the children of Mary, and made my appearance at church as I told you I should. Well, dear one, I wore the suit of black German ladies-cloth you have so often seen me wear, and you know it is guiltless of scallops and furbelows. Then, my bonnet is of velvet, trimmed very simply with garnet-colored ribbon to correspond with my garnet set of jewelry—you know why I value that—and as a pleasing contrast to my golden hair which, of course, I am proud of, since it is now fashionable. When black hair becomes fashionable, I suppose I shall have to dye it, or you will triumph over me. Now let me whisper in your ear. I believe I was the observed of all observers, but, I assure you, no one looked at me with the least token of disrespect, but quite the contrary, and I am stronger than ever before in my determination to stand by the Holy Father's advice, and give the weight of my influence, such as it is, against the silly chase after fashion. Were I to attempt to picture to you all the grotesque things I have witnessed to-day I should never finish my letter. I doubt whether I have heard Holy Mass, for the silly mass of angular oddities between the sacred Altar and myself kept bobbing and waving as if some little imp had perched beside each nodding flower, or ostrich, or chicken's plume, or peacock's stolen finery, or filmy spray from the beautiful bird of paradise, to catch my eye, monopolize my thought, and thus capture the strongholds of my heart. Instead of being prepared for the moment of consecration, although I protest I had tried as hard as ever I could, I was ready to burst into laughter at the grotesque images presented to my fancy by this mammoth kaleidoscope. Will Madame H.—say that I alone am responsible for this inattention to the august sacrifice? I know of no remedy except to veil myself as the nuns do when in the parlor.

Going home I had Thomas, our old coachman, who is still with us, drive around through some of the principal streets. People were pouring out of the various churches, and, making my observations, I concluded that the greater number had studied to imitate, in their dress, the many colored coat of the poor, persecuted patriarch, or, as one of the girls, through mistake, read in the refectory, the poor, *pictorial* patriarch, Joseph. I thought quite a large number might be classified under the head of *ducks*, and be distinguished by their wabbling gait. It was quite evident that these ducks were performing much penance by wearing a quantity of corn, bunions, etc., instead of the traditional dried peas and pebbles, in their gaiters. This modern style of doing penance I deem quite equivalent to the old-fashioned way so honored by the attention of Orange writers. One of these ducks met with quite an accident and discomfiture, in my presence while ascending a hill. She was making herself agreeable to her companion by gay chat, when her high-toned heel suddenly descended into a knot-hole of the planked sidewalk, and became firmly set. The darling duck strove to extricate herself from her dilemma, and was finally victorious, with the loss of only one heel. Kathleen, pity me! I thought I should scream till the heights of the Sierras would answer

with their echoes at the change in style. As I remarked before, she had been one of the wabblers, but now, how could she wabble? After the first attempt at stepping she turned back, and picking up the lost member looked lovingly and regretfully at it as if meditating the propriety of becoming a client of St. Crispin, but as no relief came, she cast it aside, and renewed her efforts to ascend the hill. The ill-suppressed mirth of the gay gallant at her side added to the scene, as she bowed almost into his arms at the first step, and then spun round like a top at the second. Even mother smiled quite audibly. One pert young miss looked like an overgrown rag doll, manufactured impromptu by some nursery-maid to hush the little one. She wore a black alapaca or empress skirt, made plain; underneath could be seen an irregular scallop of something white. Over her black hung a mussed green-striped grenadine, ruffled. In the back it reached within an inch of the white scalloping before referred to. A variegated striped shawl, a profusion of lace, a blue tie, and massive chain, which looked like gold, ornamented her peerless neck. A profusion of black curls, over which trailed a spray of roses, and some tropical-looking leaves, surmounted the apex of the incongruous pile. Oh, I forgot the ends of a basque and sash seen beneath the shawl, and, to complete the costume, a pair of green kids and a black-lace parasol.

The next attraction was on F— Street. Two ladies, evidently going to the same mansion, still not in company. My curiosity was roused, for certain indications assured me that they stood in the relation of mistress and maid-servant, and it was so difficult to detect by the attire which did the honors of the house, and which the service, and as mother doubted my keenness in such matters, I was determined to satisfy myself. Kathleen, I am afraid I am not as quick-witted in this climate as at home, for when these ladies reached the residence the one I had been sure was mistress entered the basement, and the other, whom my fancy had consigned to those apartments, rang for admission at the upper door. I actually thought I had detected this latter imitating the former in the peculiarity of her Grecian bend and certain haughty airs of her head. I was instantly reminded, on discovering my error, of old Grandma Brown's favorite quotation:

"The world is in a wild uproar,
Its head's behind and tail's before
And every thing's the matter."

I asked mother to-day if she did not think that a great many of the ladies on the street were sample agents from the wholesale dry goods houses, they are made up so like an old-fashioned patch-work quilt. But I am boring you to death, and besides it is time for me to lay aside my pen and go to mother. It was my intention to classify and arrange, for your benefit, the San Franciscan birds of plumage. I commenced with the ducks, but dwelt so long on this class that I was forced to neglect the geese and peacocks, who, I assure you, are especially worthy of notice. Both of these are more spread in their style than the wabblers, and would necessitate my sending photographs to illustrate the text. Precious one, do not let my light words deceive you; these bipeds, every one of them, possess souls, destined, by their creation, to glorify God. Is it not as Madame H.—used to say to us Children of Mary, they are trailing the bright plumage adapted to shine in the august court of the King of Kings, through the filth and mire which surround the air-castles of vanity? Please assist at a mass in the sweet convent chapel, and offer it in reparation for my faults to-day—we must make use of our friends, you know. Give my love to those I love among the Children of Mary. I clasp you to my heart; would I could kneel beside you at benediction this evening, and join you in singing the never-to-be-forgotten *Tantum Ergo* of the convent chapel. I am so disgusted with colors, and all the folderols of nondescript fashions, that I can envy the barefooted Carmelite in her peaceful poverty and contemplation. Write soon. Good-bye. Lovingly your own

CHRISTOBELLE.

THE CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.

TEMPERANCE UNION.—James McDevitt, President of the Catholic Temperance Union of America, has addressed the following to the Catholic total abstinence societies, under date of January first: Twelve months ago a call was issued, signed by the Presidents of several Catholic Total Abstinence State Unions and the District of Columbia, for a convention of your societies at Baltimore, to form a General Union. This suggestion was cheerfully responded to, and the Baltimore Convention was the result. Its proceedings are now before the world, and its beneficial effects are felt throughout the wide expanse of North America. The second convention of our Union met in Cleveland, Ohio, on the 10th of last October. Its proceedings, with addresses and changes in the Constitution, will be given to the public in a few days.

Within the brief period of nine months, one hundred and thirty-two societies, with a constantly increasing membership, have been enrolled under the victorious banner of the General Union. Other Catholic total abstinence societies and one or two State Unions have not yet officially joined our army of Temperance men. To them, as well as to others, now forming, and to be formed in the future, we extend the hand of friendship and brotherhood at the opening of the New Year; and we invite them to join us in the noble work and holy cause for which we are banded together.

In union there is strength always. With the blessing of God, the approval of our Bishops, and the co-operation of our devoted Clergy, we will yet succeed in eradicating the vice of intemperance from our glorious country. To the subordinate Unions and Societies enlisted under our banner, we send cordial greeting, wish them a "Happy New Year," and we urge them on to still greater efforts in the promotion of total abstinence. To those Unions and Societies not yet identified with us, we repeat the invitation to join us; and we wish them also "God speed," hoping that the badge of our Union will soon glisten on their banners and shine on the bosom of every one of their members, so that when our next convention shall assemble in the city of New York, on the 8th of next October, every Catholic temperance society in the land will be represented.

DEATH OF A WORTHY PRIEST.—It has become our painful task, this week, to record the death of our worthy friend, Rev.

Father G. Prendergast, of Benton, in this Diocese, which took place on Saturday last, the 11th inst. God granted him the great blessing of being fortified with all the Sacraments of the Church, and time to make his peace with his Creator, and make preparations for a happy eternity. The Priests of the Purgatorial Society will please to remember that the deceased was a member of that Society.—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

DEDICATION OF THE CHAPEL OF ST. JOSEPH'S HOME FOR THE AGED.—A happy day for the Sisters in charge of this noble institution was Sunday, the 12th inst., witnessing, as it did, the dedication of the beautiful chapel, which thus became the house of God, within the walls of their stately Home. The dedicatory services were performed by Most Rev. Archbishop McCloskey, assisted by Very Rev. Father Starrs and Rev. J. M. Farley. The priests present and taking part in the services were Rev. Fathers Daubresse, S. J., Mignard, S. J., Larkin, McGlynn, D. D., and several others whose names have escaped our recollection. After the dedication a High Mass was sung by Rev. J. Daubresse, S. J. After the First Gospel the Most Rev. Archbishop preached a touching sermon on the love of Our Divine Lord for the poor, and our duty of charity toward them. The words of His Grace, in themselves impressive, clothed sentiments so sweet and tender in love that all hearts must have felt their softening influence. The congregation was large, exceeding the limits of the chapel. The music, which we took for that of Dr. Berge and his choir, from St. Francis Xavier's Church, was very capably rendered; and, being in a loud and florid style, we have no doubt inspired devotion in the listening worshipers. The Chapel, thus happily dedicated to its sacred purpose, certainly outbears the congratulations which the Most Rev. Archbishop addressed to the Sisters of St. Joseph's Home. It is in the Gothic style, with a Druid roof, nave and side aisles, organ loft and chancel, with vestry rooms on either side. A quiet yet pleasing taste is observable in its decoration. On the walls of the nave, a light buff ground is ornamented with an arabesque moulding, in red and brown tints, encasing and connecting the arched embrasures of the windows; and a similar moulding on the cornice. On the background and sides of the Sanctuary the ground is also light buff, diamond-paneled in red and Bismarck brown; the altar-piece in the center of the back-ground is a fresco representing the death of St. Joseph. A work brilliant and judicious in color, simple, tender and true in sentiment, and very skillful in the treatment of the Holy Family in the lower fore-ground, the angels above, and all the accessories of a charming and devotional picture. From the cornices of the nave spring trusses of wood, dark-stained, like all the wood-work of the chapel, and supporting the ceiling, which is sky-blue, studded with golden stars; the altar is chastely beautiful, in white marble; the gas-chandeliers are of blue and gold, and all the fixtures display equal good taste. We regret that space does not permit a more extended description of this chapel, which is worthy the reputation of its architect, Mr. L. J. O'Connor, of No. 12 Pine Street, in this city. This gentleman, also the architect of the Home building, has already won for himself a valuable position among New York architects. The new chapel, its altar-piece and decorations, were subjects of admiring exclamations from the numerous visitors present at its dedication. For the St. Joseph's Home, now fully completed, the Catholics of New York owe a debt of gratitude to those generous *confrères* whose bounty has provided the means for its erection, and to the Sisters, by whose unwearied and loving diligence that bounty has been so successfully ap-plied.—*New York Tablet*.

ANOTHER NEW CHURCH.—It is our happy privilege, this week, to record the fact that another new church will soon be added to the already large list. Capt. William Kennedy, a prominent member of the Cathedral congregation, has decided to erect upon his premises, on the York Road, just beyond the city limits, a handsome new church, which will be placed under the patronage of St. Anne, in compliment to the wife of the benefactor. The edifice, which will be commenced at an early day, will be located five hundred yards north of the York turnpike, and about two hundred yards from Capt. Kennedy's summer residence. It will be of the Gothic style of architecture, and of solid granite, with marble trimmings. The church will have a front of 64 feet, a depth of 120 feet, with a tower 150 feet in height, and it is estimated will comfortably seat about 800 persons. The cost will probably reach \$40,000, and when finished, it will meet a want long felt by residents on the York Road adjacent to the city. Mr. John Stack has been awarded the contract for erecting the structure, and, if nothing unforeseen happens, it will be ready for dedication before next winter.—*Baltimore Mirror*.

DEATH OF A VENERABLE LADY.—Mrs. Anne S. Tiernan, widow of the late Patrick Tiernan, and probably the oldest lady member of the Cathedral congregation, died at her residence in this city, on January 8th, aged 96 years. Her funeral took place from the Metropolitan Church on Saturday last, and was attended by a large number of relatives and acquaintances. Requiem High Mass was sung at 10 A. M., by Very Rev. Father Dougherty, who afterward pronounced the absolution and delivered some fitting remarks, eulogistic of the deceased. The remains, encased in a beautiful casket, were then borne to the hearse, and the cortège proceeded to the old Cathedral cemetery, where the body was interred in the family vault.—*Ibid.*

The new Carmelite Convent, corner of Biddle and Caroline streets, in the north-eastern section of the city, is rapidly progressing, and will probably be finished by next April. The old building, 62 North Aisquith Street, which the Carmelite nuns have occupied since 1832, will be demolished when the new structure is completed. We understand that the lot of ground has been sold to the trustees of St. Anthony's (German) Orphan Asylum, who intend erecting on the site a large and handsome edifice.—*Ibid.*

We glean some interesting facts from the Louisville *Catholic Advocate* relative to the progress of our holy faith in that diocese. During the last four years, fourteen new churches have been erected, five of them handsome brick edifices, one a noble stone structure, the church of the Dominican Fathers, dedicated to the service of God two weeks since. Seventeen parochial residences have been built or purchased within the same period.

Six new parish schools have been built or purchased, and three others enlarged, so as amply to supply the wants of the Catholic children of the congregations to which they belong. The Catholic colored people of Louisville have now their own church and school, and a priest who has devoted himself in an especial manner to their service. The school connected with the church is in a very flourishing condition, and is taught by the Sisters of Charity. As soon as Rev. Father Brady shall have finished his new church of the Sacred Heart in Louisville, St. Augustine's will be for the sole use of the colored people, for whom alone it was built.

CHURCH PROGRESS IN KANSAS.—The Catholics of Wichita, Sedgewick County, Kansas, have bought the Presbyterian Church of that place, and dedicated it to the honor of St. Aloysius, a few Sundays since (November 24th, 1872). The purchase was made by the Rev. Father A. Kuhls, of Wyandotte, Kansas, who also blessed the building with the "Benedictus Domus." Rev. Father Felix Luemburg was appointed the pastor of Wichita, with the mission of attending to the spiritual wants of the entire south-western portion of Kansas, where immense tracts of lands on the line of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad are now open for settlements.

DEPARTED this life, at the Convent of the Good Shepherd, New Orleans, on Sunday, December 29th, Miss C. McKenna, (in religion, Sister Mary of Mt. Carmel) in the thirty-fifth year of her age, one-third of her religious profession. R. I. P.

DIED, at the College of the Immaculate Conception, New Orleans, on the same day, Rev. Anthony Duffy, S. J. He was born September 8th, 1848, at Sullaby, King's County, Ireland, and before completing his classical studies at Clongowes Wood College, he entered the Jesuit Novitiate, near Dublin, September 6th, 1866. After his probation and vows, he was sent to the Juniorate at St. Acheul, Amiens, France, where he studied successfully for two years, and subsequently began a course of philosophy at Louvain, Belgium. In the fall of 1870 he came over to America, and was stationed at the Jesuits' College in New Orleans, where, up to a few days previous to his death, he proved himself an able professor. His piety, devotedness, natural kindness and gaiety of disposition made him a general favorite, and have caused his loss to be the more sensibly felt. R. I. P.

FOREIGN CHURCH ITEMS.

THE first annual *soirée* of the Catholic Temperance Society of Edinburgh was held on Thursday evening, December 26th, under the presidency of the Right Rev. Bishop Strain.

From a New Zealand paper we learn that the Rev. John O'Connell has been appointed by his Lordship, the Right Rev. Dr. Croke, Catholic Bishop of Auckland, as resident priest of Gisborne and Poverty Bay District, and that the reverend gentleman arrived at the latter place on the 8th of October last. He is the first resident Catholic clergyman appointed to the district.

An effort is being made at Calcutta to purchase a house for the St. Vincent's Institution—the Catholic Home chiefly for fallen women, but generally for the poor of all races and creeds. The appeal for funds for this good and pious object has been warmly supported by the local journals of every religious denomination.

It is announced that Mr. Bernard C. Molloy, of the Middle Temple, barrister-at-law, has been appointed a privy chamberlain to His Holiness the Pope. The Dublin *Freeman's Journal* states that Mr. Molloy served, during the last war, as a staff officer in the French army, and went through the calamitous campaign in the East under Bourbaki.

THE ORDER OF ST. GREGORY.—It is officially announced from Rome that the Sovereign Pontiff has conferred on Keyes O'Cleary, Esq., and John G. Kenyon, Esq., late of the Pontifical Zouaves, the distinguished honor of Knighthood of the Order of St. Gregory.

On the completion of telegraphic communication between Rome and South Australia, a congratulatory message was sent to the Holy Father by the Very Reverend the Administrator of the diocese of Adelaide; and in reply, Cardinal Antonelli, in the name of His Holiness, telegraphed to the Very Rev. Dr. Reynolds and his clergy the benediction of the Supreme Pontiff.

The Pope received on Tuesday, December 24th, several Italian and foreign families. His Holiness made a speech in French, in the course of which he wished his hearers a better year than that which was now coming to an end. Among those present were remarked Lord Clarence Paget and Mr. Reed, late Chief Constructor of the British Navy. The Holy Father has given audience to a number of old pontifical soldiers. General Kanzler addressed him in their name, and His Holiness made a reply, in the course of which he said the Revolution would kill itself. The Pope has also received several diplomats. On Tuesday His Holiness received the Palatine Guard and several Italians and foreigners. His Holiness made a speech on the occasion. The statement that the *Orinoco* has been recalled is incorrect. On the contrary, a transport has just arrived as usual to recruit her, according to custom, for six months. M. de Corcelles has accepted the French Embassy at the Papal Court.

SPIRIT OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

UNDER the caption, "LUTHER and Father BURKE," the Philadelphia *Standard* has a very able article on the relation of Catholicity and Protestantism to civil liberty. The *Lutheran* had an article quoted by the *Standard*; and, to get at the drift and occasion of the *Standard's* remarks, we extract the following from it:

He (Father Burke) commenced by saying that he came to this country with strong prejudices against American institutions; but he would confess that all those prejudices had been swept away, and now "should feel proud to be an American citizen."

This was only a piece of Irish blarney and Jesuitical "seh-

meischelci," to put his audience into good humor with himself. . . . No permanent free institutions exist in Romish countries. Romanism is the natural enemy of liberty. Freedom of thought, freedom of the press, freedom of speech, freedom of government do not exist under Popish rule. The rule of the Pope and priests must be overturned by any people that would acquire liberty.

Replying to this, the *Standard*, after some preliminary remarks, says:

The political freedom of existing peoples is no structure of to-day, nor of the last three hundred years. Every school-boy knows that it, and the institutions which are popularly regarded as its safeguards, have their roots in ages long past; that whatever of goodness and true liberty there is in the structure of modern society, is a transmitted inheritance from the middle ages. None but ignorant demagogues (religious or political) pretend that it is the product of the present century, or of two or three previous ones. Certain changes have been made during modern times; but modern society itself, so far as it has an organized existence, and all the institutions to which most importance is attached as furnishing guarantees for securing personal liberty and social order, are of older date.

The very term "middle ages" has been given to those times, because the fundamental principles of modern civilization and modern political organizations—so far as they are Christian—were then in process of promulgation, and of reduction to definite forms—because those ages were the intermediate period between the old pagan civilization and that which now exists—because, as we have already said, the principles that enter into and give reality and life and practical force to whatever of goodness and whatever of true freedom the political institutions of our day profess to guarantee, began then to be practically apprehended, applied, and enforced. And then modern Protestantism had no existence. People and rulers were Catholics so far as they had any religion. Those ages were ages of "faith"—ages when the Church was recognized as a real and rightful power in society; when Christ's kingdom on earth was acknowledged as a real kingdom; when it was generally admitted that the Church was the divinely constituted teacher and expounder of truth, and when, amid all the confusion and disorders incident to a transition, formative period of society, men of all classes and ranks acknowledged the teachings of the Church as authoritative and right, even when they did not obey them.

It was, therefore, in those ages, and by Catholics—Catholic peoples, princes, rulers, and kings, (and very generally guided in their action by Catholic priests) that the institutions which—to use a trite phrase—are regarded as constituting the "palladium of liberty," were originally constructed; or, where they were not constructed, but were handed down from times still more ancient, were re-constructed and adapted to the needs of Christian governments and peoples.

There is not, to-day, a single political institution, considered important for the maintenance and security of political freedom, that is not, either in its origin or in its more mature and perfect forms, the product of Catholic thought and Catholic action; and that did not exist long before the "sound of Luther's hammer" awoke the demons of discord, of social and political corruption and confusion, of popular rebellions, and of kingly and imperial misrule and tyranny in Europe.

Has the utterer of the falsehood we are exposing ever heard of Magna Charta?—of Trial by Jury?—of the "Habeas Corpus" Act?—of Christian Republican Governments?—of Representative Governments?—of the Free Cities of Germany and the Cantons of Switzerland?—of Municipalities and Municipal Rights?—Confederacies and Unions of free Cities and States?—of the reciprocity of rights and duties on the part of governments and of the governed? Does he know anything at all about their origin and history, so far as they are pervaded by a Christian spirit?—so far, indeed, as they have any form and existence whatever now, and are adapted to secure and protect right, and to advance the interests of society?

If he does, he knows that they are all due to the influence and fostering care of the Catholic Church. If he does not know this, his ignorance should have led him to hold his peace.

It is fact, the reason of which can be easily pointed out, that Protestantism has never originated or matured any institution whatever of value to civilization or to a free government—not one. It can not do so. It can only pervert and destroy. Construction and even re-construction are to it impossibilities. It talks about "justice," and "right," and "freedom," but in its mouth these are words that indicate no corresponding realities. They are the expressions only of its dreams of what may be—of its occasional longings for what should be, but not of its convictions of what is—not of realities belonging to man, and actually existing, ready to be apprehended and practised and enjoyed by man because given to him originally by God.

THE Liberal League, whose headquarters are at Toledo, Ohio, receives the benefit of a leader from the Louisville *Advocate*. The League says that the "Right Reason" should be the only rule of action for man. We clip some of the *Advocate's* objections to this:

Upon this principal each individual will be the judge of what is and what is not right reason, or submit to some other authority and be a slave. Cities will be slaves, because they submit to a dozen or so of councilmen who dictate the law to them, and enforce it by their police. States will be slaves, because they acknowledge the authority of a governor; the country will be slave, because they respect Congress and the Executive; school-boys will be slaves, because they have to learn the rules of grammar and arithmetic from some old pedagogue; the poor will be slaves, because they will have to mind the will of their employer, and not the dictates of right reason to earn their scanty pittance. We wonder how Mr. Abbot deals with his servant, and whether he would be perfectly satisfied with the answer that they did not cook his dinner, black his boots, make up his bed, because they did not think that it was according to right reason. Do they not work as hard as he does? Why should they not sit at the first table, and leave him the crumbs to pick, take his money to buy jewelry, and let his wife be con-

tended with a cotton dress, occupy a carpeted room, and send him to the loft to take his night's rest. For our part, we have no trouble to think that servants would deem it in perfect consonance with right reason, and rebel at his inculcations of obedience.

It is true, he would soon find a summary way of dealing with them; he would put his hand in his pocket, hand over their wages, and show them the door. But that would be slavery, not only to the editor of the *Index*, but to hunger and starvation.

Again! When God and eternity are done away with, it would seem right reason that man should seek the greatest amount of enjoyment possible, for he has nothing else to live for. On the other hand, it does not seem right reason that such a man should toil to put a few cents into his purse simply for the pleasure of throwing them to the poor and the idlers; that he should be taxed to educate his and other people's children. At least, it would require a deal of philosophy to persuade the great masses that this is right reason; we would feel much more inclined to believe that, like the Lacedemonians, they would consider the aged, the poor, the maimed, the blind, the deformed and the helpless as a public nuisance, to get rid of which would be well worth the trouble of digging a ditch to throw them into.

We would simply go one step further, and declare all taxation contrary to right reason, because taxes are really burdensome, and cause many a one to trudge the whole day long to keep a merciless sheriff from driving him out of his home. The millions would be with us, and declare it a slavery which is insupportable. Right reason would not produce fewer parties than the private interpretation of the Bible, and each individual would hurl it at his neighbor's face, and declare himself sovereign. Under the reign of right reason, that is Paganism, the world was full of slaves; its second advent would be far from being better.

Is it not the greatest tyranny to deprive others of their own creed, opinions and views, of the control of their offspring? And yet this is the avowed intention of the league. Christianity is a slavery to be abolished, and neither parent nor child shall have a right to choose his teacher. If this is not slavery, we do not know what slavery is.

THE New Orleans *Morning Star* seems to have gotten into a long controversy with the *South-western Presbyterian* on the question of Papal Infallibility. In the last issue we have received, after quoting from many of the early Fathers of the Church, the *Star* says:

But it is impossible to quote at large from them all. We merely append a list of prominent doctors and theologians who all teach the same doctrines: John of Paris, Augustinus Triumphus, Durandus, Petrus Paludanus, Petrus Bertrandus, Alvarus Palagi, George Scholarius, Alphonsus Tostatus, St. John Capistran, St. Antonius, John Nanclerus, Cajetan, Bellarmine, Fenelon, St. Francis of Sales, and numbers of others. Indeed, up to the time of the Council of Constance, there was not one theologian of repute who taught the contrary. We defy our opponent to point out a single one of the Fathers of the Church, or a single one of its noted theologians, up to the time of the Council above named, who ever questioned this prerogative of the Pope. Sardagna says distinctly, in his treatise on the "Exemption of the Pope from error": "Before the Council of Pisa and Constance, there was not a single theologian of any note who would have ever questioned it. Indeed, no one could have done so without being at once declared a heretic."

At the time of the assembling of these Synods, there were various pretenders to the Papal Chair. Their claims to superiority over these pretenders gave occasion to misconstruction, and especially enabled Louis XIV of France to urge his favorite doctrine of Gallicanism with some show of plausibility. From that day there have always been some writers, though few, and generally obscure, who have claimed the right to dispute Papal Infallibility because never formally decreed to be a dogma.

Even Luther's writings evidence the same fact. Before he had cast off all respect for religion, he wrote to Pope Leo as follows: "Prostrate at thy feet, I offer myself, with all that I am and all that I have. Vivify, destroy; confirm, reject; approve, condemn, just as it please thee. I recognize thy voice as the voice of Christ ruling and speaking in thy person." In his book, "Resolutio Propositionum," he says: "The whole world admits that, by the words, 'Thou art Peter' the Pope's authority over the Church was established." Luther's own opinion was of small importance, but here is his evidence that the whole world held the same opinion.

Precisely the same testimony is given by the Universities.

Erasmus says the Sorbonne of Paris holds a first place among universities, like the supremacy of the Roman See among churches. In 1320 the Sorbonne condemned the proposition of Marsilius Paduanus that the Pope could err in matters of faith; and in 1324, in union with the French Church, it declares that the Roman Church is the one "to which, as to the universal rule of Catholic truth, pertains the approval or reprobation of doctrines, the solution of doubts, the determination of what must be held, and the refutation of error."

In 1534, the Sorbonne condemned the propositions of Mo randus and de Dominis that the Pope is not infallible.

In 1544, the University of Louvain condemned the errors of Luther, saying, among other things, "the Catholic Church clings to whatever is or will be proposed, in matters of faith, by the chair of Peter." Taperus, Chancellor of that University, and Gerson, both say that no difference on this point existed in the schools previously to the Council of Constance above referred to.

The faculties of Cologne and Salamanca also condemned the propositions of de Dominis.

Again, we repeat that the whole testimony of Fathers of the Church, of celebrated doctors and theologians, and of the great universities, up to the time of the Council of Constance, from the first vestiges of any writings among the early Christians, is unanimous in announcing the right of the Pope to decide all questions of faith, and his exemption from error therein—in other words, his infallibility. We repeat, that not one among all these can be found to dispute this until after the Council

mentioned, and we shall see hereafter that the consent of princes and emperors was just as unanimous and striking.

THE New York *Tablet* gives us a "few words on an important subject," which should receive the attention of all thinking Catholics. Says the *Tablet*:

A fact not to be denied, shirked, nor in any manner got rid of, is the question of compulsory education. Public school education, with Bible-reading, we have long had; and Catholics have had either to read the Bible or stay away. This has been hard enough on Catholics who have consciences, for they had to support, with their hard-earned dollars, those schools which they can not use, and, in addition, to support schools which they could use, because their children would be taught their religion. But now we will have to go a step further, and meet the opponents of Catholic schools on the matter of making education compulsory. The different sects are the most active in this business, for they have nothing to lose, if compelled to send their children to the godless public schools; but they know that Catholics can not send their children to those schools without losing them. If they succeed, and education becomes compulsory, Catholics must prepare themselves for a struggle that will go far beyond any they have yet had to meet. Make education compulsory, and we can not keep numbers of our children out of these schools where their religion is at stake, for they overflow the utmost limits of our schools, for want of schools enough to hold them. So, on the religious ground as Catholics, our opposition to compulsory education must be open, sincere and determined; and as citizens, too, there are not wanting good reasons for a like stand against it. We notice Mr. Henry Ward Beecher has elected himself a champion of this policy. He thinks that, in the words of a daily paper, "the best type of citizenship demands the best attainable education." Of course he is welcome to the opinion that forcing children into the public schools, and there drilling a knowledge devoid of God into their heads, leaving their hearts open to whatever lists to enter, is the way to procure this "best attainable education." But we must be pardoned, if we can not see the matter as he sees it. The daily paper quoted says further of Mr. Beecher, "He would purify the ballot-box through the public schools." We almost wish the American people would let Mr. Beecher have his way, for this aberration, like some others of a mental kind, is sometimes cured by being let run. But there are two difficulties which present themselves to us. The first is, that Mr. Beecher, after seeing the inception, wouldn't live to see and bear the after-effects of his plan, and it would be too bad to have an innocent posterity bear the brunt of his experiment. The second is, that the mischief, once done to Catholic children, would be beyond repair, and we are not willing to stake their eternal salvation on the issue of a process that can, at best, place in their hands a power that will make them far more dangerous transgressors than your illiterate villains, whilst destroying, and offering no substitute for their faith, the guide, the teacher of the heart, the truest safeguard against vice and crime. Talk of the Church taking care of these public school children on Sunday! That would be one day for God, and six for the world. Add to the bad effects of such long intermission between religious instructions the utter forgetfulness of their faith during the school-days, or, worse still, the influence of faithless companions, and their gibes, and sneers, upon the young Catholic, and this argument will prove to be but talk, rendering us no aid in the solution of the question—shall our children attend the public schools?

"TEMPERANCE" forms the subject of a leader in the Philadelphia *Herald*, and as we know that many of our readers are interested in the subject, and would like to know how the movement is prospering, we copy it here:

From the lively interest evinced in this matter by the various city pastors, this cause has received quite a cheering impetus, and we are glad to learn that in the numerous churches where societies are established each meeting shows large accessions of new members. The St. Augustine Temperance Society, or, at least, sixty or seventy members of it, approached Holy Communion in a body, in that church, at the eight o'clock Mass, on Sunday morning last, each one wearing the beautiful and showy regalia. The sight was beautiful and effective, far more so than the most thrilling lecture, for in performing this (not obligatory) office, the members, by their act, which is always more eloquent, and speaks louder far than words, seemed to say to all beholders, "See, when the vice of intemperance is once conquered, how easy it is to put in practice those virtues which always adorn the career of an exemplary life." These men, with a Catholic spirit, gave evidence that the success of their resolution depended upon gaining the blessing of the Almighty upon it, and that they would leave nothing undone to obtain it. Long may they persevere.

The temperance record of this Church goes back to upwards of thirty years. It was about the year 1840 that the Very Rev. P. E. Moriarty, then pastor of the Church, witnessing the fearful strides that intemperance was making, and recognizing the fact that its ravages were confined to no particular caste or creed, but that Catholics, and, unfortunately, many of his own countrymen, were its victims, resolved to do all in his power to put a stop to the demon's course. Many of the older members of the congregation, to this day, recollect the burning eloquence with which the doctor advocated his favorite theme; bright in the remembrance of many is the formation of the first Temperance Society—the large numbers every Sunday afternoon crowding the Altar-rail, and daily, through the week, seeking the pastor to take the pledge. The doctor entered into this crusade as he did all others—with his whole heart and soul. His efforts were warmly seconded by other pastors, and in the public demonstrations, such as fourth of July and St Patrick's Day, the Catholic element was a noticeable feature. The reverend gentleman, not only by his voice urged all to enroll, but, by his actions, lent power to his exhortations, and has, upon more occasions than one, accompanied the Society in their street parades. His disinterestedness has had its reward, for to-day there is many a head of a family, some in affluent circumstances, that owe and acknowledge their social position to the zeal of Dr. Moriarty.

Some of the founders of the young society were members of the old, and among the flags now carried by them is a veteran that figured in every street parade of the former organization. By the daily papers it is seen that St. Augustine's Temperance Society have attended each one of the lectures now being delivered by the doctor; and is it any wonder that, besides their love of the subject upon which he now speaks, they should turn out, with "drums beating and flags flying," to do honor to their original founder?

THE Baltimore *Mirror*, in an able article on the "Increase of Crime and its Causes," concludes as follows:

We boast of our enlightenment. The civilization of the nineteenth century has come to be regarded as the dawn of a millennium which will ere long attain to its meridian splendor. We tax to, the severest tension muscle, mind, and soul to subject all the material forces of nature to the ends of that civilization. Whence comes this energy and whither does it tend? Its vital source is money and its only end wealth. Hence wealth is the dominant idea of our times, and the attainment of it the only object of individual ambition. As a consequence of this absorbing idea, and the restless energy manifested in its development, men have amassed colossal fortunes in a few years. Their success has stimulated others, and these in their turn have crowds of followers jostling one another along the highway that leads to the temple of Fortune. With wealth comes social distinctions, official rank, and certain legal immunities, not laid down in any code of laws, but acted on with a fidelity due to the best system of jurisprudence ever devised by the wisdom and intelligence of man. The education of the day is in consonance with this order of things. But all can not attain to opulence through the ordinary channels, and new ones are therefore looked for. Honesty is a slow gatherer, and virtue a troublesome companion. Cupidity shirks their association and affiliates with craft and knavery. As a consequence, a deep and pervading corruption is sure to follow. Hence criminals are punished, because courts of law no longer hold the scales of justice in even balance before the litigants in their presence, but determine the inclination of the beam by the weight of the gold that gilds it. Juries are often selected because of their stupidity or previously ascertained willingness to conform their verdict to the wishes of those who have tampered with them. The bar, unfortunately, has only too many who are willing to prostitute a noble profession to the ends of gaining money at the expense of integrity and morality.

Whatever of public morality is left untainted by the corruption of money is undermined by the vices that grow out of the political order of society. By theorists, universal suffrage is regarded as the panacea for all the evils which fall upon suffering humanity. The rough elements of society organize and control the elective franchise. The good and the virtuous shrink from contact with these elements; but they are made use of by the ambitious and unscrupulous politician. They are the stepping-stones by which he mounts to the high places of power and plunder. These rough elements are therefore protected, patronized alike by the wealthy and the ambitious. Their crimes are condoned because their influence may be needed by the civil judge and political legislator to retain them in official rank and position. To oppose these elements would involve the daring innovator in political ostracism and social obloquy. Thus the wealth of the higher classes and the political power of the masses concur in undermining the foundations of law, and in giving to criminals an immunity from punishment. But bad as this specific result is, it is nevertheless associated with a fact that is more general in its bearings and probably more pernicious in its influences. The triumph of vicious principles is always achieved at the expense of individual or public morality. Public morality, like individual morality, has no solid foundation but that which is supplied by the religious education of the intellect and soul of humanity. The only religious truth taught outside of the Catholic Church is, that each individual may carve out a religious platform for himself; and, standing thereon, may defy the restraints of religious authority and mock with impunity the dogmatic teachings of creeds and formulas of religious faith. If the evil of this revolt of the individual will against the visible authority of God on earth stopped with the individual criminal, the social danger might not be very great. But it has a deeper movement and a wider application, and consequently a more imminent danger. This danger consists in the fact that, in sunning the restraints of religious authority, the masses learn to disregard the restraints of the civil power. They become disaffected; they grow weary of labor and are easily taught to imagine that social organization is adverse to their improvement, and that the wealthy classes are combined against them. Hence the antagonisms of capital and labor, and hence, too, the indolence that readily lapses into crime. Indolent poverty is the easy victim of profligate wealth; and it is out of this union of social forces that issue those combinations which result in social disorder and political convulsion. The absence of religious influences takes from the individual the sense of present and future responsibility. No obligation, resting upon law, has any weight with individuals thus educated. They learn to believe that society, by its laws, tyrannizes over them, and, in their turn, they seek to revenge on society the real and imaginary wrongs under which they suffer. Crime, as a consequence of impiety and unbelief, continues to increase; and the laws, by the vices that inhere in a corrupted society, are impotent to protect the good and fail to administer due punishment upon the wicked. There can be no permanent and beneficent social order without solid religious training—without that faith which inculcates a belief in God and the future accountability of the individual to his Creator.

OUR neatly printed, spicy, wide-awake little contemporary, the Albany *Reflector*, has an article on "Catholic Literature, Lyceums and Libraries," from which we extract the following:

The great necessity of an extended Catholic literature, as an exponent of our living principles, and a means of combating the pernicious publications of the non-Catholic world, is now generally understood and more than ever conceded. We all pretty well realize that not to go forward in the cause of literary activity is very decidedly to go backward. The reprint of

an occasional English book, with the issue of a few monthly magazines—all of them with a sadly too limited circulation—a few minor periodicals very scantly diffused, form a very shabby set-off to the magnificent literary progress outside the Church, and does not keep pace with the rapid advancement of the Church herself. Newspapers, in the proper acceptation of the term, we have but very few. They are more now, however, than they could be numbered a few years back. Our journals are doing admirable work in their various localities, and some of them are highly creditable to our cause—but they are rather weakly serials than newspapers. In most cases the news furnished by many of these papers is just ten days old when you get them; more or less of them being dated five days ahead of the actual time of publication, giving only the news of the week before instead of up to the day of issue, or, at least, three or four behind that date. The idea of intelligence so ancient, in these days of lightning-flashing reports, ocean steamers and railroads, is rather too much! The non-Catholic weeklies bring their intelligence down to the day of going to the press, and we can not see why the display of a very little enterprise and industry would not do the same for our own journals.

The very object of a Catholic journal is to foster and create a taste for reading in the young, and to cause them to drop and lay aside the pernicious "flash" literature, the worthless novels of the day. Aside from the newspaper, but a valuable auxiliary in the same direction, the effecting of improvement in literary taste of a pure order would be found in parochial libraries, selected and maintained with care. But these require a constantly active machinery to maintain the interest of the people in the library and its attendant institutions. There is so much attractiveness outside of the Church that we need some to counteract it within. Real attractiveness is only secured by enlisting the interest of the members personally in the success of these institutions; and this can only be done by constant and systematic effort on the part of all who are concerned in maintaining them. And yet, there is not a Catholic parish that need or should be without its library. Reading will be done by our youth, and except where good reading is provided, and proper supervision with it, bad reading will be the result. We know that the secret reading of most pernicious publications is carried on to very unsuspected extent among Catholics. Of what avail will it be to our children to educate them up to a certain age—sadly too young to form character—impart to them tastes which must be gratified—and then leave them without the means of innocently supplying the very necessities we have given them? We must submit to all who have any, even the slightest influence in any Catholic community, that vast and too often irremediable evil is being done by much of the so-styled "popular" literature of the day. The present phase of the warfare against the Church is an eminently intellectual one, and by intellectual weapons it must be met. The literary activity of the "sects" is astonishing—the fly-sheets, the pocket volume, the serial, are issued from the sectarian press in myriads, like winged seeds of evil genii, and their organization has prepared the spot for every seed to unbosom itself. Then there is the vast literary enterprise of the secular, non-sectarian, but still more dangerous character generally! It is the only "gospel" to millions of our fellow-creatures—and no wonder that crime is rife!

ROME.

CHRISTMAS DAY passed as in 1870 and 1871, without midnight Mass, and without the Papal function at St. Peter's. Likely enough, in heresy-darkened London, you celebrated the great Christian festival with greater liturgical splendor than the oppressed citizens of Catholic Rome had it in their power to do. At St. Mary Major's, however, the real manger of Bethlehem—greatest treasure of that noble sanctuary—was exposed on the high altar from sunrise to sunset: and the apse and nave of the vast Basilica were lighted up and decorated as in former years. Still it appeared to me that at the second Vespers, usually an irresistible attraction, alike for devout worshippers and for mere sight-seeking tourists, the crowd was not large. The falling-off is undoubtedly attributable to the diminished number both of Catholic pilgrims and other winter visitors to the Eternal City. The Romans flocked to the Christmas ceremonies at St. Mary Major's and the pretty cribs in the Franciscan churches, as was their wont; and hundreds of *buzzurri*, out of curiosity or from better motives, were attracted to St. Mary Major's, St. Peter's, and the other more famous sanctuaries. At the Armenian church in Via Giulia, the midnight Mass was not deferred till daybreak, as elsewhere in Rome, but anticipated in Oriental fashion, so as to terminate by sunset on Christmas Eve. I was unable to obtain admission into the little church, densely thronged long before the hour fixed for the ceremony. Most persons who have been to Rome have had occasion to assist at Mass celebrated according to the striking and, in many cases, singularly solemn and beautiful rites of the Eastern churches. One can hardly conceive a more forcible or more interesting proof of the glorious oneness of the Catholic Church; and, as on Tuesday afternoon, Romans and visitors invariably supply a numerous congregation.

The Pontifical Mass at St. Peter's, on Christmas morning, was celebrated with somewhat greater religious pomp than last year, as Cardinal Borromeo, Archpriest of the Basilica, officiated, himself, with all the solemnity circumstances allowed. There was quite a crowd round the screen of the Choir Chapel, where the ceremony took place.

The three succeeding days are likewise looked upon by the Romans as holidays. The feast of St. Stephen is

kept in the ancient Basilica of St. Laurence outside the walls, in the crypt of which the relics of the two holy deacons are enshrined under one altar; but the principal gathering of the Catholic citizens is at the singular church of St. Stephen on the Caelian Hill. It is a fragment of an ancient Roman structure, and is of a perfectly circular form. A marble chair in the vestibule used by St. Gregory the Great, when preaching at St. Stephen's, vouches for the antiquity of the annual popular pilgrimage of Thursday. The solitary round Basilica became in the middle ages the national church of the Hungarians, and is still possessed by their College, now incorporated with that of the Germans. On Thursday afternoon there were, assuredly, a very great many people at St. Stephen's, but on account probably of its being looked upon as a kind of holiday excursion, there was not quite the edifying silence and recollection one expects from the staid Romans. Yesterday the feast of St. John the Evangelist was kept as one of the patronal feasts at St. John Lateran's, and to-day there is Pontifical High Mass at St. Paul's, where many bodies of the Holy Innocents are honored. I am afraid the wretched weather has made the congregation but a meagre one. So much for Christmas rites.

With right good feeling the loyal and patriotic Romans did their very best to make the Holy Father's Christmas a happy one. From Sunday downward, there have been deputations and addresses from all classes, and the indefatigable Pontiff of four-score had for every one words of consolation and benediction. From the address, presented on Sunday by the faithful "*impiegati*" of the Papal Ministries, reduced to absolute want in consequence of their honest refusal to change sides, I extract one paragraph. It tells of Pio Nono's charities:

If all Catholics base their hopes on the greatness and virtue of Pius IX, how much more should those be confident of a happy future who receive day by day, in their homes, proofs of his munificence. Your Holiness feels, indeed, the weight of your own charity; but certainly can not realize the greatness of the good you do. Whole families, deprived of a roof, by inhuman and inexorable tyrants, owe to you their daily bread. The old, the infirm, the unprotected among your subjects have no earthly resource but Pio Nono. With what enthusiastic gratitude do we not all unite in imploring upon your head Heaven's blessings! We do not know, Holy Father, whether history can portray a Sovereign greater than Pio Nono; but we assuredly bear witness that there has never reigned one more deeply or more deservedly loved.

In the Consistory held on Monday, the Holy Father preconised ten archbishops and bishops, whom he afterward clothed with the *rochet*, accompanying the ceremony with an appropriate exhortation. The splendid Allocution *Justus et misericors Deus* was reported and diffusely commented upon by all sections of the Roman and Italian press, by the Revolutionary even more than by the Catholic papers. From the rabid invectives of the former against the evangelical candor of the saintly Pontiff, it is easy to infer the smart of the wound inflicted by His energetic and holy words. I do not summarize or quote the Allocution, because I have no doubt you will find space to publish it *in extenso* in another of your columns. I have only further to remark that, both at the Consistory and on the numerous other occasions when His Holiness appeared in public this week, the unimpaired firmness of his voice and the up-rightness of his carriage brought to all who had the happiness of being present the assurance that his health is still excellent, and that we may, with confidence, count upon his being long spared to God's Church and to his faithful Roman people.

At the audience granted the other day to the *Corps Diplomatique*, Count de Bourgoing, the French Ambassador, was not present, a secretary taking his place. A well-founded report ascribes His Excellency's absence to his having already sent in his resignation. It appears that, in a point of court etiquette, the French Government had accorded to the King of Italy certain distinctive honors, which the Ambassador to the Vatican perceived to be irreconcilable with a continued and serious recognition of the Pope's position and dignity as an independent sovereign. Count de Bourgoing's remonstrances not having been attended to, he took the only course open to him as a man of honor and a fervent Catholic. His departure will be a matter of universal regret.

Looking over the Catholic dailies of the week—they had three holidays, Sunday, Christmas Day, and the feast of St. John—I was struck by a remarkable article in the *Journal de Florence*, reproduced by the *Voce della Verità*. It is a study of the Italy of our day, and is really profound and philosophical. "Rome," says the writer, "in becoming a modern capital, loses its distinctive character. The Revolution has for its end not only to secularize its institutions, but to divorce city and state from its glorious past. The traditions of the city of the Popes have a beginning lost in past ages. They are consecrated in all history, profoundly identified with the spirit of the population, and sculptured in every one of the countless Christian monuments of Rome. Rome is, of its very nature, a great international center, a veritable capital of the whole

world, not an ordinary metropolis. To pretend that Rome should patiently support its transformation and degradation is to ask the impossible. Rome is malcontent. Two opposite reactions are already clearly defined, and divide the population: the ever-increasing Catholic movement and the Mazzinian and International conspiracy. The unification of Italy must culminate in the triumph of Mazzini, for Republicanism and Internationalism are but the easy corollary of the overthrow of the Temporal Power."

Another column of the same number of the *Voce della Verità* contained extracts from correspondence between the General Committee of the Roman Society for the Promotion of Catholic Interests and some influential promoters of the English Catholic Union. If, as would appear, it is intended to model the latter on the system of the great Roman society, your English association has a nearly sure pledge of success. It is to be hoped that, as in Rome, the zeal and activity of the members may correspond to the excellence of the organization.

Tuesday evening's *Osservatore* has an erudite article, signed in English, "A Visitor," on the much-talked-of discoveries made by Mr. J. H. Parker in the neighbourhood of the Carcer Mamertinus, or St. Peter's Prison. There is no doubt, says the Catholic writer, that the English antiquary has succeeded in bringing to light the vestiges of an edifice appertaining to the time of the Kings, or, at latest, to an early century of the Roman Republic. But, he proceeds to contend, not a particle of evidence has been brought to authorize us in supposing that the well-known prison, venerated from time immemorial as that sanctified by the confinement and miracles of the Apostles, is nothing more than a kind of guard-room or dwelling-place of the gaolers, as Mr. Parker has endeavored to establish. Were that gentleman's theory correct, we should have to give up the venerable tradition of the miraculous spring of water, and to place the Carcer Tullianus at the distance of more than a hundred yards from its hitherto believed position, and all this at the cost of embracing half-a-dozen inadmissible hypotheses. I am sorry I am unable to do more than call attention to "A Visitor's" unanswerable archaeological reasoning in favor of the Catholic and Roman tradition. The reading of his paper must be conclusive to every impartial inquirer.

Before the Chamber of Deputies adjourned, several bills were laid on the table by the Ministry. One is important, because it contains a clause partially relieving ecclesiastical students from the intolerable vexation of the conscription law. Though military service is henceforth to be compulsory on all Italian citizens, ecclesiastics, on going through certain formalities, may obtain the privilege of being employed exclusively in the military hospitals and ambulance train. The concession may seem something, but it must not be overrated. Students for the priesthood will still, in most cases, be liable to be torn from the seminaries, and the conscription will not cease to be a potent engine for attacking the Faith, and for thinning the Italian priesthood.

Week after week, accounts are forwarded of the closing of seminaries and Catholic schools of all kinds. The Revolutionary Government, acting through its agents, the provincial Prefects, has always a pretext ready. Either the teachers are Jesuits, or the books used lack the *imprimatur* of the Minister of Public Instruction, or masters and school-rooms have not been visited and passed by the Royal Inspectors. The upshot is that the Catholic schools disappear, and Italian children remain deprived of instruction, or, what is worse, are suffered, by weak parents, to frequent municipal and other noxious educational institutes. To the shame of the municipality of Rome, I have to add that the Acting Syndic presumed to allot a large sum of money out of the funds of the Catholic citizens, as a subscription toward the foundation and support of Protestant schools in all the *rioni* of the city. The righteous protest made by the Catholic press was treated with the coolest contempt. Another deplorable and culpable act is the authorization accorded to the American, Van Meter, and to other speculators of the same stamp, to reopen their proselytizing concerns. These were closed some time back, as your readers will remember, nominally on account of informalities in starting them—really, because the damp and noisome cellars in which they were located were uninhabitable, even in "*bazzurro*" judgment. Van Meter advertises that he has now pierced a couple of windows, and thus secured for the pupils, in addition to the rations of bread and meat hitherto offered, a plentiful supply of fresh air.

The Christmas charities of the Roman clergy and laity were ever unstinted, and the trials and persecutions of the year have abated nothing of their unostentatious generosity. But the poor of Rome have, unhappily, terrible reason to remember the bitter weather of Christmas, 1872. According to a good old mediæval custom, all the religious communities, imitated by many private families, had, in proportion to their means, a number of deserving poor fixed to come regularly for a meal every afternoon. The substantial alms in bread and meat thus distributed saved

us from poor rates. Three days before Christmas, the Municipal Guards received orders from the *Campidoglio* to place sentries at the doors of the principal convents and colleges, and to put a stop to the distribution of food. It was a pitiable and revolting sight to observe the well-fed police driving the old and lame, with threats of the *Questura*, if they presumed again to receive the proffered charity of their old friends and benefactors. In some places, as, for instance, at the Collegio Nazzareno, the famishing sufferers were chased away by scores. The *Osservatore* asks if it be possible to push tyranny and injustice any further.

There is no political news this week. On the evening of the 21st, when the Chamber of Deputies adjourned for the Christmas holidays, a demonstration was got up in the Piazza of Monte Citorio, for the purpose of applauding the Parliamentary Left. The despotic ovation was shared in by those Ministerialists who voted for the Chiaves amendment abolishing the Society of Jesus. Cries of "Down with the Ministry!" alternated with the—in a "buzzurro" point of view—unobjectionable shout "Death to the Jesuits!" And, after some delay, the National Guard and Carabinieri received orders to disperse the demonstrators. This was effected without difficulty, and no further disturbance took place. The editor of the *Capitale*, the notorious Sonzogno, figured as ringleader of the demonstrators, whom even the *Nueva Roma* describes as the scum of Rome. The rest of the Revolutionary Press disclaimed any participation in the microscopic plébiscitum. The *Gazzetta d'Italia* goes so far as to threaten the Romans with a return to Florence of King, Parliament and "Impiegati." "If," says the influential organ of the Tuscan Moderates, "the Romans do not know how to behave themselves, we shall not hesitate to imitate our neighbours. It will be easy to find a Versailles." Would that the article were "communicated" and the writer in real earnest.

King Victor Emmanuel is at Naples, but is expected for the diplomatic reception on New Year's Eve. His Majesty has been suffering from a severe cold, caught while out hunting, but the Court journals make light of the indisposition.—*Correspondence London Register*.

VARIOUS NOTES.

WHAT PEOPLE PAY FOR ROYALTY.—Monarchy may be the bulwark of England's liberty, but we doubt it, and certainly think that the people pay a deal of money for the luxury of supporting an imported family in idleness. This bulwark costs no less than £1,000,000 sterling annually—£700,000 being spent upon the royal family alone. £12,000 on furniture for their palaces, £40,000 for stablising purposes, £60,000 for the Queen's "pin money" and £385,000 for the civil list, otherwise Her Majesty's household expenses. We hear of Victoria's generosity. Do *naïve* republicans remember that the Queen annually receives from Parliament £23,210 to extend in charity? The people are taxed this number of pounds that "the first lady in the land" may not put her hand in her own plethoric pocket when the munificence of a Peabody and the daring of a Stanley suggest the presentation of a portrait and a snuff-box. The people, not the Queen, are responsible for these gracious acts, and it is about time for us to give credit where credit is due. Generosity is not a peculiarity of the descendants of George the first, whose one aim in life was to squeeze English money into Hanoverian chests.—*Irish People*.

PROTESTANT BIBLES, as translated into the native dialects of Africa, must convey to the minds of the readers strange ideas of the nature of the Kingdom of God, and of the glories of a future state. For instance, the Zulus, a South African race, have a strange taste for *Ubomi*, i.e. carrion with a few worms in it; and the phrase "to eat *Ubomi*" with them denotes the highest enjoyment. In consequence, so we learn from the October number of the *London Quarterly Review*, the Protestant translators of the Bible have found it unavoidable "to convey an adequate idea of the happiness of the Blessed in Heaven"—p. 328. In a word, the Heaven of your Protestant converts in South Africa is a place where the Blessed incessantly eat carrion with worms in it. The Protestant Bible translations are something worse than a farce; they are disgustingly profane.—*Montreal True Witness*.

THE GOVERNMENT ECCLESIASTICAL ESTABLISHMENT in England is in a *parlous* state; it is in the situation of one "who has no friends," and is therefore, according to the moral code of street gamins, "to be hit hard." Its condition is thus given by the *London Times*, in an editorial notice of a speech lately delivered by the Protestant Bishop of Manchester, Dr. Fraser:

The majority of the people of these isles, and a very decided majority of the British constituency, not only are not members of the national Church, but are decidedly adverse to it, on one ground or another. They may tolerate it on political or charitable grounds, but they can not credit it with the authority, or the beneficial influence described by Dr. Fraser.

THE TORONTO GLOBE gives the criminal statistics of Toronto for the year 1872. The total number of prisoners

for the year, was 2,047, of whom 1,468 were males, 579 females. Considered from a religious point of view, these statistics yield the following results. Of the 2,047 prisoners, there were,—

Protestants.....	1,285
Catholics.....	762
	2,047

FARM NOTES.

A SAN BERNARDINO correspondent says: The big grape vine, whose fame has attracted visitors from all parts of the country. Those who are familiar with the subject pronounce it the largest, and most fruitful vine in the world. I learn, from an European traveler, that it is nearly twice as large as the famous vine of Fontainebleau, France. I was incredulous as to the reported size of this wonder, and so went to it, tape in hand, ready for a measurement. I find it fifty-five inches in circumference five feet from the ground—just beneath its point of separation into branches. It covers 4,800 square feet of trellis, and has produced, at a single crop, 8,000 or 10,000 pounds of grapes. The maximum annual crop has been estimated as high as eight tons, and a most reliable authority puts it at six tons; so the readers will see I am not disposed to strain his credulity. The vine is of the variety known as the Mission grape—brought by the Franciscans from Spain—and is thought to be about seventy years old. For want of cultivation, it is now rapidly declining, and is probably past saving—unless it be in Barnum's Museum. A young vine, on the same premises, promises to take the place of the parent, and may, with proper care, surpass it. With less than one-third the age, it has already attained two-thirds the size of the mammoth vine. Fortunately, this property—a small ranch attached—has lately been purchased from the Spanish owner by an energetic Buckeye—Mr. Sarver, of Canton, Ohio; who, by improving liberally, will doubtless add beauty to the wonder of the place.

CORN FOR FUEL.—Among extracts from correspondence in the December report of Agriculture, we find the following:

POTTAWATTAMIE COUNTY, IOWA.—Iowa coal is worth \$7 per ton; wood, from \$6 to \$8 per cord, according to quality. People are burning a good deal of corn; think it is cheap at eighteen cents per bushel as coal or wood, while it is clean, neat and handy; no dirty hands, and no chopping with dull axes.

HARDING COUNTY.—We had an immense crop of corn in 1871, and nearly as large in 1872. At the gathering of the last crop, there was corn enough to answer the wants of the country until the harvest of 1873. Thousands upon thousands of bushels that were purchased by dealers and shippers last year have been held over, as there has been no time, since the harvest of 1871, when it would pay to shell and ship it. Large quantities are now being burnt for fuel, as it is thought cheaper to burn at fifteen cents per bushel, of seventy-five pounds on the cob, than wood at \$5 to \$6 per cord. A perpetual, or "draw" lime-kiln, running night and day, burned large quantities the past autumn, with very satisfactory results as to cost, and an extra quality of lime over that burned with either coal or wood; so the proprietor informed me. I, myself, sold to him old corn at twenty cents, as preferable to the present crop at fifteen cents. He ships to the whole west half of the State, to the Missouri River, and even beyond, to Dakota.

CONTRAST OF CLIMATES.—While in all the foot-hills and lower valleys of California, countless thousands—because impossible to count them—of plows are running in all directions, preparing the land for wheat and other cereals, and the gardener is busy with his hoe among the vegetables and some of the berries, from lettuce and green peas to strawberries, in every stage of growth and maturity, as a contrast, in the higher Sierras, the hunter, upon his snow-skates—not the snow-shoe of the East—is playing havoc among the deer and grizzlies—if he can find them—of the mountains.

We have been waiting for the winter to come upon us with something of rigor, that we might introduce our engraving with seeming propriety; but the winter, if we have had any, is past, the orange and the almond are in bloom; the strawberry is ripe, and rather than have it result in vain, introduce it now, in striking contrast with the beautiful green of our wide-spread, charming lower valleys.—*Rural Press*.

TRANSPLANTING TREES.—All trees should now be planted as soon as possible, and while the ground is most moist after the late beautiful rains. To delay is only to incur more expense and labor. When the soil becomes drier, the holes have to be dug deeper and wider, more pains have to be taken to insure success, and water has to be poured over the roots before the final filling up of the holes. Besides, at this time, there appears to be rather a superabundance of young trees of all kinds among the nurserymen, and before next season,

as is usual, there will probably be a reaction, and nursery-stock will be scarce; and therefore command a higher price. In addition to what we have said, the general success of transplanting depends mainly on two pre-requisites—young trees well taken up, and in good condition, and a good, well-prepared soil to set them in. If dug last fall, and properly heeled in, they will be in excellent condition for setting out for some time to come, if planters can not possibly now spare the time. If not dug till spring, they should be taken up immediately, or before the buds swell and the young roots start, and heeled or buried in until wanted for transplanting. This is much better than taking them up later, as they meet with less check in growth. We have known trees thus treated to succeed well, even when set out several weeks afterward, when trees were generally in full leaf. It is, however, quite essential that they be well taken care of, by not allowing the roots to become dry for an hour, and by filling in all the interstices among them with fine earth—when heeling in, as well as setting out. It is very common, we have observed, for such trees to be spoiled or ruined by leaving the roots exposed a day or two to the sun or drying air, and then burying them badly by throwing on lumps of earth, or large masses by the shovelfull—leaving vacancies all through the lower parts of the roots. A good soil for trees is, of course, important, especially one that has a good, artificial under-drainage, but it is still more important, if possible, that it be in a good, mellow condition when they are set out, and that it be kept so throughout the season. Observe the following directions in setting out each tree, namely: to spread out the roots in all directions like the arms of an extended umbrella. This will stiffen the tree against the winds, and give the trunk an upright, stout growth; and to fill in fine earth, so that there will be no crevices. It is well to settle the soil among the roots, by pouring in water till the hole is partly filled, unless the ground is as wet as it is at present. If the tree is large, and the root small, (a bad disproportion, though) it will be necessary to stake the tree against the wind; but not otherwise.

As all newly-set trees require some small shortening back, both for the purpose of forming an even, well-shaped head, and for lessening the number of leaf-buds, so as to correspond with the necessary lopping of some of the roots, careful attention should be given that this cutting be done before the buds swell or expand. If done afterward, it checks growth, and has induced some persons wrongly to suppose that cutting back is always useless or hurtful.

It sometimes happens, in setting out young orchards, that it is inconvenient to prepare the whole surface of the ground for young trees that are to occupy it at distances of thirty or forty feet. It answers, we think, about as well to plough about six feet wide, where the rows are to stand, and plant the trees in the middle of these strips, which are to be kept clean and mellow through the season, either by planting with potatoes, beans, or cabbages, or leaving it unoccupied by any crop; but our soil and climate will generally well bear some crop or other. The wide spaces between the rows may be planted with many suitable things, sown with grain, or occupied with alfalfa, provided that, in the latter instance, rather more breadth is given to the cultivated strips in which the trees stand.—*Ibid.*

NAPOLEON THE GREAT ON THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

FROM an old magazine, printed in 1845, we extract the following views of NAPOLEON I on the divinity of CHRIST. The fragment was furnished for a French paper, by General BERTRAND, who, at that time, was not particularly religious, but who, before his death, made full profession of his faith in the Catholic religion, and received the rites of the Church:

It is true that Christ proposes to our faith a series of mysteries. He commands us, with authority, to believe in them, without giving us any other reason than this awful word: *I am GOD*.

Without doubt, faith is needed for this article, which is the one from which all the rest are derived. But the character of Christ's divinity being once admitted, the Christian doctrine presents itself with the clearness and precision of Algebra. We must admire, therein, the unity and connexion of a science.

Based upon the Bible, this doctrine is the best explanation of the traditions of the world; it throws light upon these; and all the other dogmas are strictly related to it, like connected links of the same chain. The existence of Christ, from one end to the other, is a tissue entirely mysterious, I grant, but this mystery is a response to difficulties which are in all existences; reject this, and the world is an enigma; accept it, and you have an admirable solution of the history of man.

Christianity has one advantage over all philosophies, and over all religions: Christians do not create for themselves illusions about the nature of things. They can not be

reproached, either with the subtlety or the charlatanism of ideologues, who have thought to resolve the grand enigma of theological questions, by vain dissertations upon these great objects. Fools, whose folly resembles that of a child desirous to touch the heavens with his hand, or who asks for the moon as his play-thing, or for the gratification of his curiosity. Christianity, with noble simplicity, says: *No man has seen God except God himself.* God has revealed what he is; his revelation is a mystery which reason or intellect can not conceive. But as God has spoken, we must believe. This is good sense.

The gospel possesses a secret virtue, I know not of what efficacy—a warmth which acts on the understanding and charms the heart. In meditating on it, one feels what is experienced in contemplating the heavens. The gospel is not a book, it is a being—living, having action, having power—which bears away every thing that opposes its extension. Behold it here on this table, this book, *par excellence* (and the Emperor touched it with respect); I never grow weary in reading it, and peruse it every day with the same pleasure.

Christ never varies, he does not hesitate in his teaching, and the least of his affirmations is marked with a seal of simplicity and profoundness which captivates the ignorant and the learned, however little they yield it their attention.

No where else is found that series of beautiful ideas, of beautiful moral maxims, which defile like the battalions of the celestial army, and which produce in our souls the same sentiment experienced on considering the infinite expanse of the resplendent heavens, on a beautiful summer night, when all the glory of the stars is seen.

Once master of our mind, the faithful gospel loves us. God is our friend, our father, and truly our God. A mother does not take greater care of the child at her breast. The soul, seduced by the beauty of the gospel, no longer belongs to itself. God takes entire possession of it. He directs its thoughts and all its faculties; it belongs to Him.

What a proof of the divinity of Christ! With an empire so absolute, he has only one aim, the spiritual amelioration of individuals—the purification of conscience—union with truth—the holiness of the soul.

Finally, and this is my last argument, there is no God in Heaven, if a man has been able to conceive and execute with entire success the gigantic design of arrogating supreme worship to himself, and of usurping the name of God. Jesus is the only one who has dared this. He is the only one who has said clearly, who has himself imperturbably affirmed concerning himself: I AM GOD. Which is very different from this affirmation, *I am a God*; or from this other: *there are Gods*. History makes mention of no other individual who has qualified himself by the title of God, in the absolute sense. Fabulous mythology no-where states that Jupiter and the other gods made themselves divine. This, on their part, would have been the height of pride, a monstrosity, and absurd extravagance. It was posterity, it was the heirs of the first despots, who deified them. All men being of the same race, Alexander could not call himself the son of Jupiter, but all Greece laughed at this fraud; so, also, the apotheosis of the Roman emperors was never a serious thing for the Romans. Mahomet and Confucius gave themselves simply as agents of the Divinity. The Goddess Egeria of Numa was never any thing more than a personification of an inspiration derived from the solitude of the groves. The Brahma, Gods of India, were psychological innovations.

How, then, could a Jew, whose historical existence is better proved than that of all others of the times in which he lived, how could he only, the son of a carpenter, have been the first to give himself out as God himself, as the Being by excellence, as the Creator of all beings. He arrogates all kinds of adoration. He builds up his worship by his own hands—not with stones, but with men. We are thrown into extasies by the conquests of Alexander. Well! here is a conqueror who confiscates to his own profit, who unites, who incorporates with himself, not one nation, but the whole human species. What a miracle! The human soul, with all its faculties, becomes an *anomie* with the existence of Christ.

And how? By a prodigy which excels all prodigies. He desires the love of men—that is, what is the most difficult thing in the world to obtain; what a sage vainly asks from a few friends, a father from his children, a wife from her husband, a brother from his brother, in a word, the heart. This is what he asks for himself; he exacts it absolutely, and he succeeds immediately. I thence conclude his divinity. Alexander, Cæsar, Hannibal, Louis XIV, with all their genius, here failed. They have conquered the world, and they could not succeed in having one friend. I am perhaps the only person of our day who loves Hannibal, Cæsar, Alexander. . . . The great Louis XIV, who shed upon France and the world such *eclat*, had not a friend in the whole world, not even one in his own family. It is true, we love our children; why? We obey an instinct of nature, a will of God, a necessity which the beasts themselves acknowledge and fulfill;

but how many are the children who remain insensible to our caresses, to so many cares which we lavish upon them—how many ungrateful children are there? Your children, General Bertrand—do they love you? You love them, and you are not certain to be repaid by their affection. . . . Neither your benefits nor nature will succeed to inspire them with a love for you, such as that of Christians for God! Should you die, your children might remember you while dispensing your fortune, undoubtedly; but your grand-children would scarcely know that you have ever existed. . . . And you are General Bertrand. And we are upon an island; and you have no other distraction but the sight of your family.

Christ speaks, and henceforward generations belong to him by ties more close, more intimate than those of blood, by a union more sacred, more imperious than any other union whatever. He enkindles a flame-love, which devours self-love—which prevails over every other love.

By this miracle of His will, how can we avoid recognizing the word, Creator of the world.

The founders of religions have not even had the idea of this mystic love, which, under the beautiful name of charity, is the essence of Christianity.

It was because they were careful to avoid dashing themselves against a rock. It was because, in such an operation, to make one's self loved, man carries within himself the sentiment of his own impotence.

Also the greatest miracle of Christ is, without contradiction, the reign of charity.

He, only, has been able to elevate the hearts, of men to the invisible, even to the sacrifice of time; he only, in creating this immolation, has created a tie between Heaven and earth.

All those who sincerely believe in him, feel this admirable, supernatural, superior love, an inexplicable phenomenon, impossible to the reason and to the forces of men; a sacred fire given to the earth by his new Prometheus, of which Time, that great destroyer, can neither exhaust the strength nor limit the duration. This is what I, Napoleon, the most admire, because I have often meditated upon it. And it is what absolutely proves to me the divinity of Christ!

I have impassioned the multitudes who died for me. God forbid that I should institute any comparison between the enthusiasm of soldiers and the charity of Christians, which are as different as the causes.

But my presence was necessary, the electricity of my look, my accent, a word from me; then I enkindled the sacred fire in their hearts. . . . Certes, I possess the secret of that magic power which lifts up the intellect, but I can not communicate it to any one; none of my generals has received it from me; nor have I the secret to render my name and love eternal in the hearts of men, and there to operate prodigies without the aid of matter.

Now that I am at St. Helena. . . . now that I am alone and nailed upon a rock, who fights, who conquers empires for me? Where are the companions of my misfortunes? Who thinks of me? Who exerts himself for me in Europe? Who remains faithful to me? Where are my friends? Yes, two or three who are made immortal by your fidelity, you partake and you console my exile.

[Here the voice of the Emperor assumed an accent of ironical melancholy and profound sadness.]

Yes, our existence has shone with the *eclat* of the diadem and of sovereignty: and yours, Bertrand, reflect ed this *eclat*, as the dome *des invalides*, gilded by us, reflects the rays of the sun. . . . But reverses have come, the gold by degrees is tarnished and effaced. The rain of misfortunes and insults with which each day I am deluged, bears away the last traces of splendor. We are nothing now but lead, General Bertrand, and soon I shall be clay.

Such is the destiny of great men! Such has been the fate of Cæsar, of Alexander, and we are forgotten! And the name of a conqueror, as that of an emperor, is no longer any thing but a college theme! Our expositus fall under the ferule of a pedant who insults or praises us.

What different judgments they pass upon Louis XIV! Scarcely dead, the grand monarch was left alone in the isolation of his bed-chamber at Versailles; neglected by his courtiers, and perhaps the object of mirth. He was no longer their master! It was only a dead body, a coffin, a grave, and the horror of immediate decomposition.

Still one moth more. Behold the fate which is about to befall me . . . assassinated by the English oligarchy, I die before my time, and my dead body is about to be given to the earth, to be there the food of worms. . . .

Behold the proximate destiny of Napoleon. What an abyss between my profound misery and the eternal reign of Christ, preached, receiving incense, loved, adored, living throughout the Universe. . . . Is this to die? Is this not rather to live? Behold the death of Christ, behold that of God."

The Emperor was silent, and as General Bertrand likewise said nothing: "Do you not comprehend," resumed Napoleon, "that Jesus Christ is God? Well! I was then wrong to make you General?"

CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES AMONG THE INDIANS.

FATHER DE SMET, S. J., sends to the Brooklyn Review extracts from letters written to him by Fathers GIORDA and GRASSI, which gives an idea of what the hardships of the missionaries among the Indians, as well as what they have been accomplishing. The letters are very interesting, and we offer no apology for the space the extracts occupy. The first is from Father GIORDA'S letters:

I. MISSION OF ST. PETER'S AMONG THE BLACKFEET.

In this mission there is no want of trials, which our Lord sends us, from time to time, as a proof of His love. Lately, the Americans have declared war against the "Blood" Indians, a tribe of the Blackfeet. This brought many disturbances about, of which we are at present experiencing the bitter fruits. Some time ago, Fathers Kuppens, Imoda and myself, with a Canadian guide, set out to examine some places which we supposed to be well suited for the site of a mission. We were on the top of a hill, when the guide suddenly stopped short and cried out, "I can see some buffaloes in the valley below." "No," said Father Kuppens, "they are not buffaloes, but horses; nay, they are savages on horseback; they are Blood Indians advancing quickly toward us, and they are all armed." At these words our guide made off, crying out, "Sauve qui peut." There was no time for consultation; the three of us got close together, lashed on our horses, and made with all speed for some place of safety. As we might be overtaken, and perhaps some of us killed, I took the precaution to appoint a superior in my stead, in case any misfortune should happen to me. We then said a *Memorare* (the prayer of St. Bernard) to our Lady, and continued our course. In a short time we reached a wood, on the bank of a river, and there we were safe, for the savages will not attack their enemies in the woods. We resumed our journey, a short time after, at our leisure, and traveled on the rest of the day. At night we arrived at an open prairie, where we rested. On the morrow, at mid-day, we got home, the only injury sustained being a thorough fatigue from our headlong flight and the rugged roads.

If, however, we managed to get safe out of this danger, one of the three, Father Kuppens, did not succeed so well another time. Returning all alone one day, from one of his apostolic excursions, he met two savages of the "Gros-Ventres" tribe, coming toward him. At first they held out their hands in token of friendship, but, on his coming nearer, they wanted to take away his saddle-horse and his two pack-animals from him. The Father, who did not admire being left alone and on foot in the midst of a limitless prairie, refused to give them up, applied two stunning blows with his whip on the Indians' heads, and, putting spurs to his horse, made his escape. The savages shot at him with their arrows, one of which struck him behind the knee. He drew it out as soon as he could, and got back to the mission with his shoe full of blood. With the help of God, however, he was soon cured. This tribe of Gros-Ventres has more than once assaulted and robbed us. Lately, they carried off all our horses and killed two of our cows. It is true, however, that we afterward managed to get nearly every thing back again. But if these thieving savages succeeded in their aims, we also, by their means, have succeeded in ours, through the opportunities thus afforded us of visiting them and baptizing many of their children. An opportunity of this sort offered itself to me about three years back, and as the incident will prove interesting, I will briefly narrate it. About the period I have mentioned, the Gros-Ventres sent to beg pardon, after one of their raids, and to entreat the Fathers to come and instruct them. It needed no great entreaty to make me yield to their desires, which were also my own, and in the beginning of April I visited their village. I found that the great chief had changed his wishes, and he showed it by coming to me with a stern look. He told me that "his people did not want any of their children baptized, and that I might return whence I came."

Without heeding this cool reception, I entered the village. I found, in fact, nearly all resolved not to allow their children to be baptized, except two of the chiefs, who demanded of me, with eagerness, to baptize theirs.

"But has not the great chief forbidden it?" I asked.

"Whether he has, or not," they replied, "we wish our children to be baptized."

"Very well, I will baptize them, but have a little patience." It was the feast of Our Lady's Dolors, but the day following was one of consolation to me. The chief came of his own accord to my tent, and began to treat of peace. The conversation proceeded but slowly, for he spoke the language of the Gros-Ventres; another Indian put it into the language of the Blackfeet, and my interpreter translated it into French. I answered that I had no love for war, that I longed for peace, and that I was well satisfied with the chief, who so well expressed my own sentiments about it. "But," I added, "we have another peace to conclude; we have put an end to a war far more desolating and dangerous, and to effect this, the Black-gown has come among you in quality of ambassador. This peace you must make with God. At our birth we are all enemies to Him, and we daily wage war against Him by our sins. We never can become His friends except by receiving baptism, which I can give to the children and the adults after fitting preparation. It is a foolish calumny which tells you that baptism kills your children." For I thought it was this fear that prevented them from listening to my request, and I was not deceived, for the chief said to me:

"This is just what we are all afraid of. We desire to be instructed, but until now the Black-gown has never visited us; he has never crossed the mountains."

"Can you, then, believe me to be so foolish as to wish the death of your children? What advantage can it be to me? Do you not know that the Black-gown has left his country, parents, and all that was dear to him, to come to you, and has exposed himself to a thousand dangers in order to do good to you? Did the Black-gown ever demand horse or buffalo-robcs for baptizing your children, and do you think that the Blackfeet would pay me to kill the children of the Gros-Ventres?" At these words their hearts were changed.

"Pardon us, Black-gown," they said; "we are very rude and ignorant; to-morrow we will bring our children to you, that you may make them friends of God." In fact, on the following day, which was Palm Sunday, Mass was celebrated with the greatest possible solemnity. All the chiefs were present, together with a great crowd of people. When it was about to commence, I perceived that they were preparing their calumets, for the Indians never celebrate a feast without smoking; I thought it was my duty, however, in the present instance, to forbid them, and making a sign for them to stop, I was obeyed. After Mass I baptized about a hundred and sixty children.

I had promised to visit the other stations, which were each eighty miles distant, when, in the evening, the chief came to my tent, with a disturbed look. "You must remain," he said, "with us; your interpreter will go to Fort Benton to bring back our horses which have been taken from us." In fact, the night before fifty-three of their horses had been stolen; they did not know by whom, but they suspected the Blackfeet; they wished, however, to retain the missionary as hostage, in the hope that the Americans, in order to liberate him, would compel the Blackfeet to restore the horses. Making as though I did not see the drift, and pretending to believe that they wished to detain me from quite another motive, I smiled, and said:

"You know that there is nothing more dear to me than to remain with you as long as I can. I have come without being invited, and now when you can invite me I should hasten to oblige you, but what can the Black-gown do without an interpreter? he would be like an old bear, unable to speak or to understand."

They began to laugh. "To-morrow," I added, "I will go to the fort with the interpreter, since you wish him to go." They asked me then who had stolen the horses. "I do not know," said I; "but look at the tracks which are left, and see what road the thieves have taken, and then judge for yourselves."

"We know nothing about it; but do you think the Blackfeet have stolen them?"

"I can not tell," I replied; "but I believe not."

"But what does your heart tell you?"

"My heart tells me no." And my heart told me what it deserved should really be. They departed to consult their medicine-men, who are both priests and oracles. They replied, that perhaps it was the Blackfeet, but the matter was uncertain. It turned out that really it was not the Blackfeet who had stolen the horses. They allowed me to depart, after promising that I would return again as soon as I could.

Here, then, is the result of my first visit to the Gros-Ventres. In every respect this station is worthy of special attention, but their language is the most difficult of all the languages in these parts, and, moreover, we are without good interpreters. We may hope, however, that our Blessed Lady will complete the work of this mission, begun on the Feast of her Dolors.

II. RESIDENCE OF THE SACRED HEART AMONG THE COEUR D'ALENES.

I, in the mission of the Blackfeet, there has been much toil and little fruit, in this mission, at least, the harvest has been abundant. The name of the Sacred Heart was given to this residence by way of contrast to the name of the tribe, the Coeur d'Alenes. When the missionaries (De Smet and Point) first visited them, these savages were the most uncivilized of all the tribes around. Their name stands now as a perpetual monument to the Sacred Heart of our Divine Lord, who has transformed them into children of adoption. They are now the best of all our Indians, and preserve still the primitive simplicity of the savage in the fervor of their piety. Every time I go to visit them I am consoled exceedingly in witnessing the love and respect they have for our Fathers. They evince an extraordinary eagerness for instruction; and it is quite a pleasure to hear the young of both sexes asking and answering questions about the truths of our Faith. They all frequent the Sacraments, and there are few who do not do so every week or fortnight, or, at least, every month. What emotion it excites in us to hear these poor people, savages in name only, singing, in sweetest harmony, their hymns to our Lord. Some time ago an American, well instructed, but indifferent in his religion, who happened to be journeying through this part of the country, came for hospitality to our house. Moved by curiosity, he went to the Church, and in the evening he said to me, at supper, "Really, these ignorant savages have shamed me more than I can express, by their earnest way of honoring God, a thing which, up to this moment, has been the very last object of my thoughts." What shall I say of their eagerness to gain the Jubilee? This year (1865) I arrived among them, and here I learned for the first time the news of the Jubilee. The Superior of the residence had already published it, and had invited the savages of his district to come and gain it. And, in fact, I saw them pouring in day by day in great crowds, until all were assembled here for the great feast of Our Lady. I saw them traveling on foot, the blind and the aged, not from a distance of three or four miles, but of sixty or seventy miles. And what did they know about the Jubilee? Not even its name, much less its importance. They only knew it to be "*Kasenkonin tel Pape*," a favor from the Pope, as they call it in their language. Now to what are we to attribute all this commotion, unless to what I should term a Christian instinct? I mean the workings of the Holy Spirit—the spirit of faith received in baptism. It is this spirit of faith which makes them prize so much every thing that comes to them by "prayer," as they call religion. All of them wished to go to confession; among these people confession in the Church is an honor for which they pay dear. Those who give public scandal have to make an atonement in public, for they have first to reconcile themselves to the people, and afterward with God, in confession. The eve, then, of the Assumption, the principal chief, a man distinguished for his fervor, convened the people and called them all to account. One of the other chiefs was the first man to present himself before the tribunal. He was a man who had led a very good life, until, last spring, he allowed himself to be carried away by a passion for gaming. Among them a gambler is almost looked upon as an apostate. This chief, a proud and fiery man by nature, asked pardon for the scandal he had given, and demanded punishment. The flagellation was inflicted by the head chief. Next came a simple old man, for whom every one

had the highest esteem, but for some defect or other he, too, wished to submit to the same punishment, after which he presented himself to get his ticket to receive Confirmation, but, he added, he would not receive it that day, as he was all over weals—he would receive it the next. After these the others came in their order, and all underwent this humiliating penance with a fervor and simplicity truly admirable. But the chief himself, who this time judged and punished the others, had himself, several years before, undergone the same punishment. The cause was this: He had allowed himself, to the scandal of everybody, to give way, for some time, to his love for gambling, and was, moreover, reduced to extreme poverty; then, like the prodigal, coming to himself, he went to the Church; but before confession he wished to repair the scandal he had given. Accordingly he presented himself to the lower chiefs, and humbly begged to be publicly flogged. "It does not belong to us," they said, "to inflict punishment on the chief." He replied, "Then if nobody will condemn, I will condemn myself." So saying, he bared his back, and, bending down, demanded that the punishment should be inflicted. But here a new difficulty arose about the number of blows to be inflicted. "Strike," he said, "until I tell you to stop." But he never cried out, and the people, moved to pity, began to murmur, and the scourging was stopped. Then he arose and went, according to custom, to press the hands of those who had inflicted the punishment upon him, in token of thanks.

III. RESIDENCE OF ST. IGNATIUS AMONG THE KALISPELS.

In this residence, also, we have our share of consolations as well as trials. I can not conceal the intense joy I felt when, toward the month of August, 1862, I visited, for the first time, these poor Indians. Although one of the Fathers had undertaken the duty of visiting them from time to time, yet there was an extraordinary commotion upon my arrival. All wished to frequent the Sacraments; to gratify their pious desire I was obliged, the whole time I remained with them, to sit in the confessional from morning until midnight, except such time as was necessary to take food. If the Coeur d'Alenes had not been expecting me for the Feast of the Sacred Heart, which they celebrate with great solemnity, I should have stayed longer among these good Kalispels, and should have had plenty to do. Now the mission is well established, some Sisters of Charity are engaged in the work with us, whose heroic virtues may well make us blush at our own delicacy. The example of their holiness has inspired some Indian maidens and widows to imitate and follow their rule of life. May it please God to reveal to them the inestimable value of virginity, up to this time wholly unknown among them. But this promising mission was, not long ago, on the point of being totally destroyed. In the summer of 1863, a miserable savage, belonging to these parts, killed an American in order to get possession of his horse. The deed was discovered, but at first there was no noise made about it; but in the following spring, other savages of the same tribe having stolen some horses belonging to the white men, some of these went to the "Vigilance Committee" to demand the extermination of the whole tribe. This committee is an assembly of men of all countries, and there are none of them men of very nice conscience. However, in these times, crimes surpass all measure, and the diggers, accordingly, have formed themselves into an organization of police, and, without any formal process, arrest, exile, or shoot people, as they think fit. Some members of the committee had already arrived among us, and the rest were expected in a few days. By good luck I happened to be there myself during these troubles. Seeing the danger the mission was incurring, I ordered a triduum to St. Joseph. At this crisis the chief of the savages arrested the assassin, in order to deliver him up to the committee, but he found means to escape. Nevertheless, having afterward learned that the whole country was in danger on account of his crime, he came of his own accord to present himself, accompanied by his Father and the chief of the tribe, and, confessing his crime, he was hanged without mercy. By this satisfaction the anger of the whites was calmed. But the savages had also to bring back the horses which had been stolen. The head of the committee came to Father Grassi, Superior of this residence, to consult him on what was to be done. The Father called the chief of the tribe to him and persuaded him to go through the country with the members of the committee, to find out and restore the stolen horses of the whites. This he did, and was successful. Thus, through the protection of St. Joseph and the energy of Father Grassi, the mission was delivered from the danger that threatened it. But when this danger was passed, another one arose. The corn this year failed; part of it did not come up at all, and part of it was dried up as soon as it came out, and part was eaten by locusts, so that we do not see how our Indians can live next year. But we are in the hands of God, and nothing will be wanting to us. From this residence the Fathers make excursions to the neighboring tribes, and, also, to those farther off, and their efforts have been crowned with success. Here is a letter of Father Grassi, in which he gives an account of one of these excursions:

LETTER FROM FATHER GRASSI.

SINIELEM, Nov. 10, 1863.—Mr. McCleras, the agent of the Hudson Bay Co., came to see me in the beginning of October and told me that he intended to go to the "Tobacco Prairie," where he had heard that the Paddlers, or Flat-bows, a tribe of the Coutonais, were to come soon for traffic. I expressed a great desire to see this tribe, but I had no horse to carry me. "Do not let that hinder you," he said, courteously. "I shall be delighted to furnish you with one; and as for the provisions, do not trouble yourself about them; we will travel together, and I will take care of everything." We started on the 12th of October. The "Tobacco" prairie is situated two hundred miles north of the mission of St. Ignatius. The road or path that leads to this place, is really frightful. When we arrived at the prairie, we found that we had been misinformed. We did not find a single Indian of the Flat-bow tribe, but only eight families of Indians, under a chief named Michael. This man is an excellent Christian; he belongs to the Kutenay tribe, and, which is a very rare thing, is much respected by the savages. I began by calling the Indians together for prayer. On the second day, when speaking to them of fraternal charity, the parable of the good Samaritan came to my mind. I related it to

them, and explained it, with a heart full of grief at being so disappointed in my expectations. I said to them, with emotion, "I myself am the Samaritan, the Flat-bow is the wounded traveler; last summer I wished to cure his wounds, but you, by denying me your aid, have prevented me from performing this act of charity to your brother." In this tone the discourse continued to the end. When the prayers were finished, I was going to retire to my tent, when they made a sign for me to stay. Then one of them approached and said to me. "If you wish to visit the Flat-bows, I will be your guide." "And I, also," added another. "But," I replied, "I have no horse." "Take mine;" said a third. "But I have no provisions." "We can procure them," I wished however, to see if their offers were sincere, and I said: "But the season is too far advanced; the snow will overtake us and block up the road; already last night some has fallen." "No you need fear nothing of this now, and we shall have no more for a month." I saw then that, I might depend upon their good will. As a last objection I urged that I should certainly be frozen on the way. Whereupon one of them instantly offered me his cloak, made of a buffalo robe, the only clothing he had to cover his shoulders. "Very well," said I, "I accept your offers." We soon after entered upon our journey and we traveled on horseback at a good pace, for four entire days, crossing over mountains and traversing valleys and marshes, and rivers and torrents. We went over about fifty miles a day, upon English territory, between the 51st and 53d degrees of latitude. It seemed that God wished to put our zeal to the test at the end of our journey, for when we arrived at the country of the Flat-bows, there was not a single Indian to be seen. And yet, before we left the prairie, we had taken the precaution to send by the river two messengers to inform them of our visit. But these had not gone quick enough, and we arrived before them. Two other savages, whom we had also sent in search of them, returned without finding any of them. At last Providence ordained that we should meet with a chief of the Flat-bows. This good Indian also went in search of them, and he was more successful. After a day's journey, he found the chief, a blind old man, who instantly dispatched messengers to his sons, to carry the good news to them, and hastened himself, notwithstanding his old age, with the few families he had round him to come and meet us. It is impossible, my dear father, to express the exultation of my heart when I witnessed the signs of joy with which these savages received the visit of the "Black-gown." This was the first time they had seen one since Father de Smet visited them, twenty-two years ago, and baptized great numbers of their children. Since that time they had never heard the voice of the priest. And see how God in his infinite goodness has reserved for me, the least of his servants, the happiness of preaching His word to these poor savages, His children. It is useless to count up how many times I preached to them. I may say I was preaching the whole day long until supper time. I could not see all the tribe; some families had penetrated so far into the woods that it was impossible to find them. Among the forty families which came, and which contained about four hundred souls, I found very few Indians who had been baptized, and none legitimately married. I baptized a hundred and sixty adults, and solemnized thirty marriages. The extraordinary disposition of these poor Indians, their admirable constancy in reciting, for so long a period, the prayers which Father de Smet taught them during the short time he was with them, the eagerness to see the Black-gown, and finally, their docility to the voice of the Holy Spirit in separating from their wives previous to receiving the Sacrament, all contributed to make me admire the workings of grace in these simple souls, and allowed me to shorten the time of preparation for the Sacraments. And, besides, it was impossible for me to prolong my stay when the season was so far advanced. I sought out a fitting place for the chapel, and then made preparations for departure. While I was among the Flat-bows, the remaining Indians from the camp of Michael had returned from the chase. Being informed that the priest was so near them, these good Indians would not go to sell their fur skins as they were accustomed to do, but collected together around their little chapel to await the arrival of the Black-gown. I arrived among them on the 1st of November, and stayed with them two days. They numbered about fifty families. I asked if any of them who had not had the opportunity of seeing me in my last visit, wished to go to confession. They all answered that they wished to go, and all went. And then, the season being very far advanced, I hastened my return to the Mission of St. Ignatius.

RESIDENCE OF ST. PAUL AT COLVILLE.

This residence is the most northerly of all our stations in the Rocky Mountains. It was reopened in the year 1863, after having been closed some years for want of missionaries. The occasion of its opening was the great number of Indians who dwelt round about it, and whose wants could not be satisfied by the hurried visits we made every year to the most remote tribes in these immense regions. In fact, a missionary who went there in 1862, found the chapel too small, and was obliged to celebrate two Masses on feast days in order to satisfy all; and when the days which he had at his disposal were too few to give instructions to the various tribes who flocked around him, to profit by them on the news of his arrival. However, managing as best he could, he contrived to content them all, and was just on the point of starting, when an entire tribe of Senaichksti came to demand spiritual assistance. For two years they had been deprived of it, and had never been able to see the Black-gown. He was obliged to give them the Sacraments, and to baptize the children, and then with mutual tears they separated. It was then resolved to send there some of the fathers to take care of these people. Fathers Menetrey and Joset were chosen, old missionaries, who were accustomed to the hard life they would be obliged to lead there. For, not having any one to assist them, they must themselves work in the garden, go for water, fetch the wood, bake their bread, and, in fine, prepare for themselves every thing they need for their food, which, indeed, was meager enough, consisting only of bread, herbs and fishes. God amply repays them for this disagreeable life by great consolations, and by the abundant fruits which they reap by their apostolic labors.

CATHOLIC SCHOOLS AND UNIVERSITIES IN THE "DARK AGES".

OF all the puffs of this puffing age none has been louder or of longer continuance than that which has vaunted the triumphs of Protestantism in the matter of education. By dint of constant boasting, Protestant writers have almost persuaded the world that its rise from barbarism, its enlightenment in literature, its progress in science and art, its present civilization—are all ascribable to the Reformation; and that, before that blessed event, all was darkness and wide-spread desolation. The Church sat down in the midst of this darkness, quite at home and at her ease; she made no effort to dissipate this gloom—she fostered it, rather, as the thing above all others most suited to her wicked purpose, of infusing into the minds of men the deadly poison of error and superstition!

Such is the proudly boasting theory which Protestant writers have sought to establish, rather by bold and reckless assertion than by calm and solid argument. Verily, if history did not inform us that a Catholic first invented steam navigation,* we should be greatly tempted to ascribe that invention also to the reformation! Since this religious revolution, there has been in the world one continual puff! puff! puff!—and, amidst the accompanying noise and smoke, men's minds have been scarcely calm enough to form a correct judgment on the true facts of History! The Catholic Church, on the contrary, has boasted little and done much; without vaunting her literary triumphs, she has *really* been the foundress of Schools and Universities, the fosterer of arts and sciences, and the mother of inventions, as will abundantly appear, we think, from facts embodied in this essay. Before Protestantism was heard of, she struggled single-handed, for centuries, against ignorance and barbarism. She had already achieved a splendid triumph over these evils, before the dawn of the reformation. The brilliant age of Leo X, which was at its meridian of glory when Luther began his revolt, has never been surpassed—not even rivaled—by Protestants, at any subsequent epoch. Were this the place for such an investigation, facts might be accumulated to show that the reformation, instead of advancing, retarded the progress of learning for a whole century! Amidst the confusion, angry polemics, and bloody civil wars, to which that revolution gave rise, men had neither time nor inclination to apply to the cultivation of letters. Great minds which, during "Leo's golden days," had directed all their energies to literary pursuits, were soon destined to consume their strength in acrimonious religious controversy. Instead of drinking at the pure fountains of Helicon, they were doomed to slake their thirst at the troubled waters of controversial debate. The history of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—comparatively to the two previous centuries, sterile in literary improvement and invention—affords a striking demonstration of this position.†

In more modern times—in our own age and country—the course pursued by Protestant writers toward the Catholic Church, on the subject of education, has been singularly unjust and inconsistent. Sometimes they accuse her of fostering ignorance, and, at others, of monopolizing education. These two charges are also not unfrequently made in the same breath, and in reference to the same time and place! In proof of this assertion, we confidently appeal to the course pursued by the Protestant religious press in the United States, during the last few years. Whatever line of conduct she adopts, the Catholic Church can not please these fastidious gentility of the Protestant press and pulpit. Does she rear schools and colleges all over the land, going even beyond her means to bring education to the door of the humblest citizen, the cry is raised that she wishes to monopolize education, and to use the influence thus obtained in order to make proselytes to her creed. Does she make no extraordinary efforts in behalf of learning—the old stereotyped charge is rung in our ears that she means to foster ignorance! Placed in a dilemma analogous to that of her Divine Founder and Spouse, while laboring for the redemption of mankind in the land of Israel, she may apply His language to the people of this age of boasted enlightenment: "But whereunto shall I esteem this generation to be like? It is like children sitting in the market-place, who cry out to their companions and say: We have piped to you, and you have not danced; we have lamented and you have not mourned."‡

The charge preferred against the Church, of encouraging ignorance, is as old as Christianity. The Christians of the first three centuries were sneered at for their poverty and ignorance. This calumnious accusation is repeated over and over again, with singular *gusto*, by that heartless and sneering infidel, Gibbon, whose grandilo-

quent style and well-rounded periods have contributed, perhaps, more than the writings of any other enemy of Christianity, to poison the minds of youth, and to foster real ignorance, under the pretext of promoting philosophy. And the greediness with which this and similar works are sought for and devoured in Protestant communities is one out of many proofs that all errorists sympathize with each other! Such works meet with little encouragement in Catholic countries. In fact, the best refutation of the insidious history of "the Decline and Downfall of the Roman Empire" is the production of an Italian Catholic.*

(To be Continued.)

*Spedalieri—"Rifutazione di Gibbon" 5 vols; 12mo. An abridgement at least, of this should be given to the English community.

CATHOLIC SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

ANNUAL REUNION OF THE TEACHERS.

THE annual reunion of the Catholic Sunday School Teachers of this city took place on Monday afternoon, in the basement of St. Mary's Cathedral. The attendance was very large. J. N. Adams, President of the Union, presided. The exercises opened at 3½ o'clock, with an original hymn—"To our Patron Saint, Saint Charles Borromeo"—sung by the teachers and the children of the classes, accompanied on the organ by Mr. Richard McCabe. Mr. Lawrence Nolan, who has ably discharged the duties of Secretary for the past eight months, read the report, of which we subjoin the following:

THE SECRETARY'S REPORT.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 25, 1873.
Shortly after my last report, the Board of Directors obtained permission, from his Grace the Archbishop, to have a lecture for the benefit of the Union. Rev. Father Buchard, at the request of the Board, consented to deliver his lecture on "Woman Suffrage." Colonel Peter Donahue tendered the use of Union Hall for the occasion and after some avoidable delay, the lecture was given on the evening of November 7th. The result was a net profit to the Union of over nine hundred dollars (\$900). This enabled the Directors to subscribe for a large number of copies of the paper published by Rev. Father Hecker, at New York, and accordingly the Corresponding Secretary, Mr. P. J. Thomas, was authorized to send for four thousand copies of the *Young Catholic*, the expense for one year being nine hundred and twenty dollars (\$920). These are mailed direct to fifteen Sunday Schools in this city, and also to the Magdalene Asylum and Industrial School, and to the orphan boys at San Rafael.

The catechism, prayer and hymn-book compiled by the Union has been published, and is in the hands of the children. The work combines, in one volume, all that a child requires at mass, catechism or vespers, and will, it is hoped, prove more durable and attractive, as well as more convenient, than formerly. A class-book, arranged and adapted by the Union, has also been printed, and is in use in all the schools of the city and vicinity. A small work for the children beginning the catechism has been compiled by the Rev. Chaplain, and will soon be issued by the publisher, Mr. Flood.

At a large meeting of the Board of Directors, a resolution was adopted recommending the appointment of a committee at each school, to canvass their respective districts, and bring in such Catholic children as do not attend Sunday School. The question is being debated,

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR BOYS?

It does not come within the province of a Secretary's report to discuss the question, but, in this connection, a good suggestion was recently offered by a member of the Board of Directors. It was "that the teachers use their influence to obtain, for children, on leaving school, such situations as will enable them to acquire the means of support in the future, and thus make them useful members of the community." Many of the teachers have engaged in the good work with gratifying success.

THE OFFICERS OF THE UNION.

At the annual meeting of the Union, held in December, the report of the Committee on Nominations was adopted, and the gentlemen named in the report were unanimously elected for 1873, as follows: President, Howard N. Adams; Vice-presidents, T. W. Taliaferro and T. H. Brady; Recording Secretary, J. F. Sullivan; Corresponding Secretary, A. R. Hynes; Treasurer, M. Warde.

The Nominating Committee received, as they deserved, the thanks of the Union for their judicious selection. The above-named officers, with the Chaplain, Rev. Father Prendergast, and Superintendents A. D. Kenniff, L. Nolan, P. J. Sullivan, D. W. Hart, P. F. Ryan, A. B. Maguire, and M. Lawton will form the Board of Directors for the year. Mr. Ryan succeeds Mr. Bloomer, who retires from the Board in consequence of removal from the city. Mr. P. J. Thomas also retires, and is succeeded by Mr. Hynes.

During the last quarter, the following named gentlemen were elected honorary members: Rev. Father Gibney, Rev. Fathers Buchard, Colonel Peter Donahue, and Hon. Zach. Montgomery.

THE REPORTS FROM THE DIFFERENT SCHOOLS

indicate rapid progress in organization and efficiency, as well as in members. At St. Mary's this is particularly the case, where the care bestowed on the pupils, by the pastor and teachers, is working golden results.

At St. Francis the past quarter has been a busy one. The new pastor has taken up the work so vigorously prosecuted by his predecessor, and with success. The children now attend the nine o'clock mass, the music of the mass being sung very creditably by a choir of young girls, under the direction of Mr. McCabe. On Saturday, the pastor gathers the larger children around him and gives them a practical instruction.

The Spanish children of the parish have been organized into a department in the Sunday Schools, and are being well taught by Rev. Father Garriga, and a number of excellent teachers.

At St. Patrick's, St. Ignatius, St. Joseph's, St. Bridget's, St. Peter's, Mission, and Holy Cross, the same improvements are being made.

At St. Joseph's the accommodations are insufficient for the large number who attend, but the pastor is full of resources, and will provide for all that come.

The Convent Sunday Schools are even more successful than formerly, since the advent of the *Young Catholic* puts them on an equality with other schools, in respect to rewards for the pupils. The following is

THE NUMBER OF TEACHERS, attendance of pupils, and number confirmed during the year:			
Sunday Schools.	No. Teachers.	No. Pupils.	Confirmed.
St. Mary's.....	40	600	250
St. Francis'.....	43	560	200
St. Patrick's.....	31	390	...
St. Ignatius'.....	Rev. Fath'r.	475	...
St. Joseph's.....	60	1,100	295
St. Bridget's.....	21	370	50
St. Peter's.....	25	400	250
Mission Dolores.....	20	390	80
Holy Cross.....	25	270	100
	265	4,555	1,236

The attendance of pupils at the Convent Schools, which are not included in the above estimate, are, in the aggregate, 2,870, making the total number of children attending Sunday Schools in the city, 7,425. In reviewing

THE PROGRESS MADE DURING THE PAST YEAR, it is encouraging to know that the efforts made, when wisely directed, have been generally successful. Since the establishment of the Union, a greater interest has been created in regard to religious instruction, and the Reverend Clergy are obtaining the assistance of many intelligent ladies and gentlemen in their arduous labors. The thanks of the Union, and indeed of the entire Catholic community, are due to our most Reverend Archbishop for the lively interest he takes in the instruction of the children. His presence and encouraging remarks, at the examinations held at the different churches, have the best effect on the teachers and pupils. The Union begins the year with every indication that it will be even more successful than the one just closed. The officers elected with so much unanimity have the confidence and support of their fellow-members, and are eminently fitted for their different duties.

The teachers and the children of the classes then sang an original hymn—"Oh God, we thank Thee o'er and o'er"—accompanied on the organ by Mr. McCabe. Rev. Father Gallagher next made some remarks, which were warmly applauded. Then an original hymn—"We bind the cross upon our breast"—was sung. The hymns were written for the Sunday School Union, by the Sisters of the Convent of San Jose. After the exercises, which were very interesting, the audience accepted an invitation from Mr. Adams, President of the Union, and retired to the church and assisted in benediction.

THE ORPHAN ASYLUM.—The Sisters of Charity, in charge of the Orphan Asylum, heretofore situated on Market Street, are moving to their new place, at Mount St. Joseph. We have heretofore published a long description of the new home for the little unfortunate ones. It will take them at least all of next week to get moved. It was thought it would occupy all of this week, but so generous was the response to the Sisters' appeal for voluntary assistance, that all was removed that could be spared before removing the children. On Monday next the moving will be resumed, and continued until the orphans are settled in their new home. There is yet much to be taken out, and any assistance from any one having time—especially those owning express wagons or trucks—would be very thankfully received by the good Sisters. When we reflect that they have the bedding, etc., sufficient for three hundred children, besides the Sisters themselves, we can see what a job it is to move so long distance. Even the taking of one load would be quite an assistance. We wish the orphans and the good Sisters much happiness in their new home.

PACIFIC COAST ITEMS.

During 1872 there were 125,995 tons of coal exported from Coos Bay to San Francisco.

Good progress is being made in the work of bringing pure mountain water into Santa Barbara.

The wine product for Los Angeles County this season is estimated at one million four hundred thousand gallons.

The Mission Woolen Mills of San Francisco have received an order from Philadelphia for six thousand pairs of pantaloons.

A Mrs. Rhoda was convicted in the San Francisco Police Court, January 25th, for cowhiding one Martin, for slandering her husband.

At Buckeye, Trinity County, lately, a miner, called Portuguese Joe, found a nugget of gold which weighed three and one-half pounds avoirdupois.

The wholesale butchers of San Francisco have formed a league for mutual protection against those who set up retail meat markets for the purpose of making money by failing.

The jury in the case of the People vs. George K. Davis, at Modesto, January 25th, was out about four hours, and returned a verdict of "Guilty of murder in the second degree."

An auction sale of salt marsh and the tide lands belonging to the State of California will be held in San Francisco in March, commencing on the 4th and continuing from day to day.

From the San Bernardino *Guardian* of January 25th we learn that Mrs. Mayo, of Jurupa, saved her child from drowning by descending a well by the bucket-rope. She sustained herself and child until assistance arrived.

The United States Marshal has seized the books and papers of the California and the San Francisco and Pacific sugar refineries for alleged fraudulent practices, in keeping and using false weights and measures.

The Napa *Register* says: Much grain is already up—even three or four inches high. Two weeks more of favorable weather will allow about all our farmers to finish their work, and then light Spring rains will insure them a bountiful harvest.

* Blasco de Gary, a Spaniard, first constructed a steam engine for navigation, and, in the year 1543, made a successful experiment with it in the harbour of Barcelona, before Charles V and all his Court, and in presence of the whole city. The vessel with which he tried his experiment was of 200 barrels burden.—Navarette—Collection de Viages, and Year in Spain 1, 47.

† For full illustration of these views, see an able essay from the pen of Dr. Carew, formerly Professor of Maynooth College, now Archibishop of Edessa and Vicar Apostolic of Calcutta, in answer to an article of the ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA.

‡ St. Math. xi. 16 seq.

A second mass meeting of the residents of Santa Clara Valley interested in the success of the proposed narrow-gauge railroad to Alviso, was held in the open air, January 25th. The indications are that the \$300,000 will be raised within two weeks.

At Merced lately, as Chas. Brodie, a brakeman on the Southern Pacific Railroad, was engaged in coupling cars, one of them passed over his body just below the hips. He was taken up helpless, 13,000 pounds of weight having passed over him. He will be about shortly.

J. R. Heinlein, on the 8th of January, succeeded in rafting two rafts, containing 10,000 feet of lumber, down King's River, from the railroad crossing to his ranch on Tule Lake. This is the first time this method of transporting lumber has been tried on lower King's River.

The Auburn *Argus* learns, from a resident of Michigan Bluff, that scarlet fever has been for some time very prevalent among the children of that town and vicinity, and in many instances has proved fatal. No less than twelve children have died from the disease since its advent among them.

The Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Company announce that, after the first day of February next, that Company will transmit messages to all points of the United States, reached by the Western Union Company, at two dollars and fifty cents for ten words, exclusive of the signature and address.

There was an incendiary and nearly successful attempt to burn Santa Cruz on the night of January 27th. In an empty building, in Anthony's Block, the plaster and lathing had been removed from a portion of the lower room, and rags saturated with inflammable matter thrust in and set on fire.

The Oakland *Torchlight* tells a funny story of three impudent gents, who got into one room at a lodging-house. Not having any coin, the landlady seized two pairs of pants, leaving one pair, in which those three men are taking turns, one trying to borrow money enough to release himself, and the other two are obliged to remain in bed.

A dispatch dated at Yreka, January 25th, says: In Hot Spring Valley the settlers had got the Indians to give up their arms by promising to furnish them food. In Big Valley, some of the Indians being missing, those remaining were asked where the missing ones were, and they said they did not know, but may be they had gone to join the Modocs.

A letter in the Olympia *Courier* from the Indian Agent at Fort Colville, concerning the earthquake, says: "Most of the Indians that I have heard from are very much frightened, and in some instances fatal results have followed. One woman of the lower Spokeses lost her mind, and wandered off to the mountains and was found dead a day or two afterward. Several others are quite ill from its effects."

The weather in the Puget Sound country has been of such a character of late as to commend it to the special favorable notice of the newspapers over there. The *Tribune* says: "Bugs and moths and flies are returning to life, while swarms of mosquitoes and gnats may daily be seen near pools of standing water. Frogs are becoming nightly more numerous and noisy, trees are again budding; all nature, in short, is yawning in token of awaking from its Winter slumber."

The experiment of running ice through a flume for a distance of three miles, says the *Truckee Republican* of January 23d, was yesterday tried here in Schaffer's lumber flume. The ice, when started, was in blocks eleven inches in thickness. When it arrived at the mouth of the flume, it was about three inches thick. The experiment was not a success. The friction of the ice on the sides of the flume, in floating down, wears it out—not the flume, but the ice.

A man named Shrewsbury was severely and probably fatally injured on Friday, near San Pablo, while hauling rock for the breakwater. As he was going down hill his wagon-brake gave way, and he was thrown from the wagon and badly crushed.

The ambition of some towns on Puget Sound is only equaled by their modesty. The *Express* wants to know if preparations can not be made to save Steilacoom from such calamities as befel her sister cities, Boston and Chicago.

The Stanislaus *News* says the grain fields are, many of them, now green and beautiful to behold. Gang-plows in every direction can be seen, and there is not an idle man or horse on any of the farms. In fact, farmers are now rarely seen on the streets, unless on urgent business, or forced in by the Sheriff on the unpleasant—and to them at present unprofitable—duty of attending court. The *News* estimates that there will be 450,000 acres in wheat in that county, and that the yield will be 7,000,000 bushels.

A letter from Newport, Yaquina Bay, in the *Statesman*, speaking of the big scare which the Siletz Indians caused over there, says: "It was the most foolish and senseless, and that for days the Indians themselves on the reservation knew nothing about it, and were greatly astonished and alarmed when they found what an excitement was prevailing among their outside white neighbors. It is almost certain that when the whole matter shall be sifted down, it will be found that the scare was systematically worked up by a few white men who had axes to grind; and the settlers who left their homes and 'forted up' were the victims of a few schemers, and that the Indians had nothing to do with it, further than their frantic dancing gave the opportunity to the conspirators to work successfully upon the fears and credulity of their neighbors."

TRUE GREATNESS.—A man's greatness lies not in wealth or station, as the vulgar believe; nor yet in his intellectual capacity, which is often associated with the meanest moral character, the most abject servility to those in high places, and arrogance to the poor and lowly; but a man's true greatness lies in the consciousness of an honest purpose through life, founded on a just estimate of himself and every thing else, on frequent self-examination, and a steady obedience to the rule which he knows to be right, without troubling himself about what others may think or say, or whether they do or do not do that which he thinks and says and does.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY, 1873—PREPARATION FOR A GRAND DEMONSTRATION.

A CONVENTION composed of delegates from the various Irish civic and military organizations was held, last Sunday afternoon, at Irish-American Hall, Howard Street, for the purpose of making arrangements to celebrate St. Patrick's Day in a becoming manner. The meeting was well attended.

The first business was the calling of the roll of 1872 by the Secretary, Mr. M. Warde. The Societies then represented were the following named: Sons of the Emerald Isle Benevolent Association, Irish-American Benevolent Association, Laborers' Protective Benevolent Association, Ancient Order of Hibernians, Divisions No. 1 to No. 6; Knights of the Red Branch, Nos. 1 and 2; Legion of St. Patrick, and Irish Confederation, Burke and Luby, Nos. 1 and 2.

The Secretary then read the minutes of the last Convention, and on their adoption, the President, (Mr. Cummings) said that, with the passing of the minutes, the labors of the Convention of 1872 ceased. Before dissolving, he wished to return to the Convention his sincere thanks for the generous courtesy that had been shown him on all occasions.

It was then resolved that the delegates for the Convention of 1873 should appoint their own committee, examine and report upon credentials. From each delegation one member was taken to form the committee, and the committee having retired for a short time, it reported that the following-named Societies were entitled to representation in the Convention: Sons of the Emerald Isle Benevolent Association, Irish-American Benevolent Society, Laborers' Protective Benevolent Association, Ancient Order of Hibernians, Divisions one to seven; Knights of the Red Branch, Nos. one and two; Irish Confederation, Burke and Luby Club, St. Joseph's Temperance Society, Celtic Club, T. F. Burke Circle, Fenian Brotherhood, Thomas Davis Club, Irish Confederation, Old Guard Circle, Fenian Brotherhood, Company "A," Legion of St. Patrick, Hibernian Rifles, St. Joseph's Benevolent Society.

On motion, Col. A. Wason, commander of the Irish Regiment, was declared a member of the Convention; and the Field and Commissioned Staff of the Irish Regiment were also admitted to membership.

Mr. John Kenealy was unanimously elected President of the Convention; Thos. M. Connolly, Vice-President; Denis Coyne, Secretary; and John Grant, Treasurer.

The meeting resolved that all money shall be paid into the hands of the Treasurer, and that all disbursements shall be made by him.

An adjournment then took place until next Sunday, when nominations for Grand Marshal will be in order.

IRELAND.

THE GUARDIAN is the organ of no nationality; neither does it intend to institute invidious comparisons between people of different countries; in fact, no comparisons whatever, except in so far as to demonstrate the benefit of the Catholic religion. It is simply with this view that we copy the following from a contemporary:

"The last published Official Criminal Statistics of Ireland furnish satisfactory evidence of the morality of that country, in spite of the political and social disturbances to which it is subject. But for crimes proceeding from these sources, and its peculiarly unfortunate, or exceptional position, crime would be almost unknown in Ireland, and Her Majesty's Judges would, for the most part, be in the enjoyment of sinecure offices. We glean some admissions to this effect from the London *Times*, which we recommend to the notice of the maligners of Ireland and her religion:—"

Ireland contrasts favorably with England in the case of criminal offences, crimes against property other than malicious, perjury, and attempts to commit suicide. The advantage is, in the first case, from 13 to 66 per cent.; in the next, from 51 to 68 per cent.; in the third, 51 per cent.; and on attempts to commit suicide, 66 per cent. * * * Infanticides were 41 per cent. less in Ireland, the number being 21 against 35 in England and Wales. * * * —*London Times*.

Again:—

The Irish contrast favorably with the Scotch statistics. The number of offences of all kinds in Ulster, which is similar in race and habits, was less, by 7,404 offences, or 11 per cent. On the other hand, the balance is almost redressed for Scotland in riots, assaults, and breaches of special Acts of Parliament. The larger proportion—(mark this)—the larger proportion of offences against morals in Scotland suggests a further consideration of the impolicy of maintaining a different law of marriages there from what prevails in other parts of the United Kingdom. —*Ib.*

"The last suggestion is pregnant with meaning, as showing what is the peculiar nature of the offences against, morality for which Scotland, as compared with Ireland contrasts so disadvantageously. In short, for violation of police regulations and breaches of conventional laws, or 'special Acts of Parliament,' Ireland takes the lead; but for sins against morality, against God's unalterable laws, for offences against chastity, for thefts, murders, and, more particularly, infanticide, England and Scotland, both, *par excellence*, lands of an 'open Bible,' enjoy a bad pre-eminence over Romish Ireland, whose people are, for the most part, if we may credit a certain Montreal evangelical tub-preacher, distinguished for their 'poverty, their ignorance, and degradation, because adherants of the corrupt Papal Church.' Of the comparative merits of the two systems—that of the 'open Bible' and that of the said Church—it would be impossible to find a fairer or more conclusive test than that furnished by the

Official Documents on which the *Times* makes the above given comments. Of both it is true that, 'by their fruits ye may know them.'

YOUNG MAN, DON'T DO IT.—No, young man, don't do it! Don't marry dimples, nor ankles, nor mouth, nor hair, nor neck, nor teeth, nor chin, nor simpers. These bits and scraps of femininity are very poor things to tie to. Marry the true thing. Look after congeniality, kindred sympathies, disposition, education, and if these be joined with social position, or even filthy lucre, why, don't let them stand in your way. Get a woman—not one of those parlor automatons that sit down just so, thump on a piano, and dote on a whisper. Living statues are poor things to call into consultation. The poor little mind that can scarcely fathom the depth of a dress trimming can't be a helmeet of any account. Don't throw your time away on such trifling things.

Very good, says an exchange. Now, suppose we tell the girls what to do and what not to do. To begin with: "Don't marry a man or a thing if he drinks, smokes, chews, snuffs, gambles, lies, steals, swears or loaf. Marry a healthy, clean, temperate, industrious, intelligent, loving, manly man. Then you have a husband worth having."

THE sympathy of the entire community of Richmond, Va., was awakened the other day over the bier of an humble nun. The newspapers contained feeling tributes to her gentle memory, the City Council, in answer to a petition of Sister Mary Baptista Hitzelberger, Mother Superior of Monte Maria, promptly granted leave for the burial to take place in the convent grounds, and the sadly solemn services of Mother Church were offered up for the refreshment and repose of the soul of Sister Mary Louis, by Father Van Deveyer as celebrant of Requiem Mass, and Bishop Gibbons as reader of the offices for the dead. The head of Richmond is not Catholic, but the heart of the historic city, chastened by war and softened by tears and sorrow, is responsive to chords which only Catholic truth can fully touch. The field is fallow and the husbandmen are at work in the home-house of the Cavaliers. Sister Mary Louis, whose death has been so sadly felt in Richmond, was a Marylander. She belonged to another branch of the Cavaliers. She was the daughter of the late David Williamson, of Baltimore County, and a niece of Mr. Chas. Tiernan, of this city. Her early years were full of promise for a life of worldly ease and social enjoyment. But the allurements of the world attracted her not. The Spouse of Christ won the young lady's affections to the altar, and the cross engrossed her thoughts by day and her dreams by night. In the cloister she beheld the glorious light which illuminates the narrow way to Heaven, and thither she sped away and offered all she had and all she was, giving up, in the words of Father Fabre, *all for Jesus*. After nineteen years of religious life, Sister Mary Louis laid down her head on the pillow of religious hope, and slept the sleep, let us pray, of "the just made perfect." —*Baltimore Mirror*.

GREEN FOOD FOR FOWLS.—The last requisite in the shape of diet is a regular supply of green food. Here, again, fowls kept on grass will need no attention; but for birds penned up, the daily provision of it is an absolute necessity, though most beginners are ignorant of it. We well remember, in our own early experiences, how our fowls died, we could not at first tell why; and one fine buff Cochin cock, whose only fault was a strong vulture hock, was in particular greatly regretted. An experienced friend let us into the secret, and after that we had no difficulty in keeping fowls, even where it is often said they can not be kept in health, viz.: in a yard paved with large flag stones. The best substitute for natural grass is a large, fresh, turf, thrown in daily, to each four or five hens; and even in towns it is possible to procure this, by giving children a few pence every week to keep up a regular supply. Where turf is not allowed to be taken, grass may be cut or pulled, but in this case it must be cut into green chaff with shears or a chaff machine. The latter plan is how we actually managed for years, in a yard only sixty-seven by thirty-five feet divided into six pens; paying some child a few pence to bring fresh-cut grass daily, cutting it up and mixing it with their soft meat.

RELIGIONS PUT IN PRACTICE.—I had gone into my butcher's shop one Saturday night and was waiting for my steak. While doing so, a man, black with the dust and toil of machinery, came in. He was old and homely and meanly dressed, and I never should have looked upon him as a divine agent of consolation had not a little girl came in and revealed him to me.

"How's father to-day, Polly?" he asked.

"He's worse to-day, and mother's down too;" and the weary little thing began crying softly to herself. Then the man stooped and said something in a low voice, to which she only shook her head and cried more bitterly. So he took the basket from her, saying, "Run away, Polly, or that baby, he'll be in mischief. I'll bring the basket." She offered him twenty-five cents, but he hurried away and would not touch it. Then he chose some good beef, a piece of bacon and plenty of vegetables, and having paid for them, walked off toward a large tenement-house in sight.

The Austrian Government has assigned a subvention of 130,000 florins to the Roman Catholic clergy in Bohemia, which was to be distributed before Christmas.

DIED.

O'BRIEN—In Lewis River, January 12th, 1873, Johanna O'Brien, a native of Ireland, aged about 52 years.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

To the Catholics of the Pacific Coast:

At this time, when we find the country flooded with newspapers and periodicals, laying high claims to respectability and fairness, and which a Catholic, even, could not exclude from his house, without laying himself liable to the charge of bigotry, filled with open attacks upon the Church, or, worse yet, with insinuations and innuendos; when we find our public and private libraries stored with pretended histories and other writings, assuming to be standard works, in which the motives and actions of the Church are falsified and misrepresented; when it has come to pass that a Catholic must be under the necessity of scrutinizing closely every book or paper he puts in the hands of his children, that their minds may not be poisoned by the base slanders and malicious insinuations so often rung into the fashionable literature of the day; when we find that even those of the secular Press which are most inclined to do justice to our cause, dare not, for fear of losing patronage, raise a voice against the recent acts of high-handed tyranny exercised by European and American Governments, by which holy men of prayer, whose only offense was that their purity of life was reproach to sin, were banished and their goods confiscated; when we find the children of so many Catholics who have been careless enough to let them roam free over this field of corrupt literature, torn from the bosom of the Church, and lost to her saving influence; when, in short, we can trace most of the evils which affect religion and society to a false education and a false literature, it would be criminal in us, who profess to love our Holy Mother, the Church, above all our earthly possessions, not to recognize the power of the Press, and turn that mighty power into an instrument of good.

We do not underrate the exertions of our Prelates and Priests—those holy men who have laid all their worldly ambitions and pleasures upon the Altar for Jesus' sake; but their voices will not reach all that can be reached by the Press. Neither can they take up and discuss to their flocks those topics which are legitimate for newspapers, pamphlets, periodicals, and books. The Press must be auxiliary to the labors of the priesthood. Our Holy Father Pope Pius IX, in 1851, said: "Providence seems to have given, in our day, a great mission to the Catholic Press. It is for it to preserve the principles of order and of faith where they still prevail, and to propagate them where impurity and cold indifference have caused them to be forgotten."

Considerations such as these have led to the incorporation of THE CATHOLIC PUBLICATION COMPANY, with a Capital Stock of Twenty Thousand Dollars, divided into Two Thousand Shares of Ten Dollars each, for the purpose of publishing a newspaper at the city of San Francisco, which shall fill the want, felt by all, of a good Family Paper, and which shall be, at all times, an earnest defender of the Church; and for the purpose of printing and publishing such other matters as may be useful to the Church, or as the Company may be employed to do. It is expected that this Stock will be subscribed in small amounts, and the active co-operation of all Catholics is earnestly solicited, both in taking the stock and in extending the circulation of the newspaper and other publications of the Company.

The Company will not publish a paper, the organ of any party or nationality; but while they will claim for it an independence of expression on general subjects, and while they will disclaim all intention of holding the Church responsible for its utterances, and while they would not expect to accomplish the impossible task of pleasing every body, they will try to confine it to topics upon which there shall be no material disagreements among Catholics.

It is expected that in a few months, at most, the stock of the Company will be worth fully par, as an investment; but, in its infancy, it is but right that whatever there is of risk shall be borne by the many.

The affairs of the Company will be conducted on strictly business principles, and when there shall be any profits, each stockholder, however small his interest, will receive his full share thereof.

In appealing to the Catholic community to sustain this enterprise, we can think of no language more appropriate than that used by our Holy Father in his Encyclical Letter of 1853:

"We urgently beseech of you to assist, with all good will and favor, those men who, animated with Catholic spirit and possessed of sufficient learning, are laboring in writing and publishing books and journals for the defense and propagation of Catholic Doctrine."

Again, in his letter to the American Prelates, urges them to "Leave nothing untried by

which our Holy Religion and its salutary teachings may more increase in the United States, and unhappy wanderers may return to the safe path."

For the present, we have made arrangements for the publication of THE CATHOLIC GUARDIAN once a week. Knowing what concert of action among the many will accomplish, we ask from the Catholic community of the Pacific Coast such assistance as shall give to the enterprise we have inaugurated that measure of success which, in our judgment, it deserves.

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This great master-piece of art was painted by Raphael for the Monastery of St. Sixtus, in the City of Placentia, in the year 1518, and is called, from its original destination, the Madonna di San Sisto.

It represents the Holy Virgin standing in a majestic attitude, the infant Savior enthroned in her arms, and around her head a glory of innumerable cherubs melting into light. Kneeling before her, we see at one side St. Sixtus, on the other, St. Barbara, and beneath her feet two Heavenly cherubs gaze up in adoration. A celebrated connoisseur of art says, "The Madonna di San Sisto, in execution, as well as in design, is probably the most perfect picture in the world."

In the beginning of the last century, the Elector of Saxony, Augustus III, purchased this picture at a cost of 80,000 florins, and it now forms the boast and ornament of the Dresden Gallery.

All new subscribers, upon payment of \$5 for the GUARDIAN, or \$6 for the GUARDIAN and Irish World, will be entitled to this splendid picture. Present subscribers, upon renewing their subscriptions and paying for the same, will also be entitled to it. No picture will be delivered until full payment is made of one year's subscription.

THE IRISH WORLD.

OUR arrangements to club with the *Irish World*, the very best Irish paper published in America, have been entirely completed. We are enabled to furnish the GUARDIAN and the *World*, by carriers, to city subscribers at fifty cents per month of four weeks. The GUARDIAN to country subscribers, by mail, is five dollars per annum; but we can furnish both papers for six dollars. This, we are satisfied, is cheaper than the same amount and character of reading matter can be had elsewhere.

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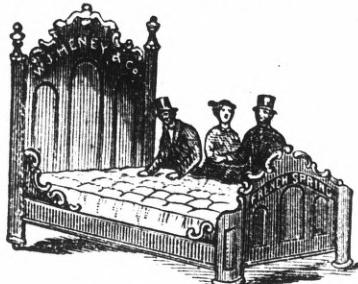
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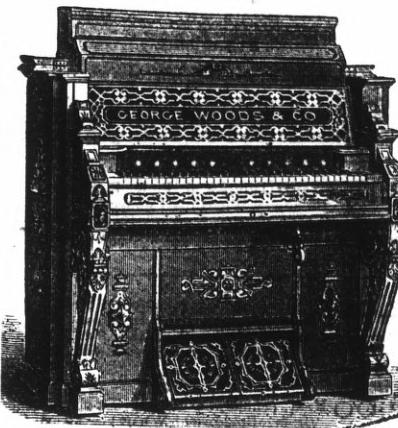
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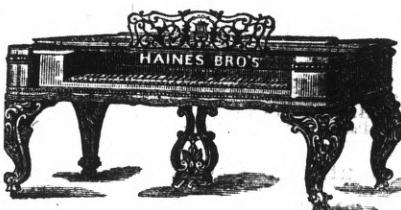
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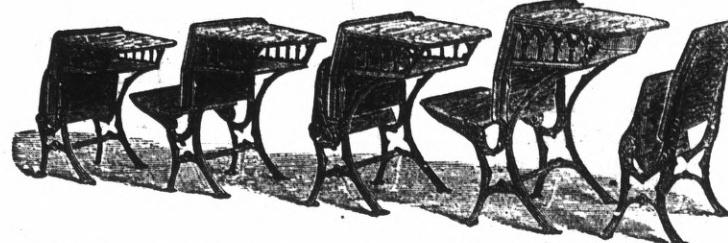
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C. P. R. R.

Commencing Sunday, December 22, 1872,
and until further notice, Trains
and Boats will leave San
Francisco.

7.00 A. M. (Daily)—Atlantic Express Train (via Oakland) for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding and Portland (O.) Colfax, Reno, Ogden and Omaha.

7.15 A. M. (Daily)—Cal. P. R. R. Steamer (from Broadway Wharf) — Connecting, at Vallejo, with Trains for Calistoga, Knight's Landing and Sacramento; making close connection at Napa with Stages for Sonoma.

2.00 P. M. (Sundays excepted) — S. F. & N. P. R. Steamer (from Broadway Wharf) — Connecting at Donahue with Trains for Cloverdale; making close connection at Lakeville with stages for Sonoma.

2.00 P. M. (Sundays excepted) — Stockton Steamer (from Broadway Wharf) — Touching at Vallejo, Benicia and Landings on the San Joaquin River.

3.00 P. M. (Daily) — San Jose Passenger Train, (via Oakland) stopping at all Way Stations.

4.00 P. M. (Sundays excepted) — Passenger Train (via Oakland) for Lathrop, Merced, Visalia, Tipton and Los Angeles, Stockton and Sacramento.

4.00 P. M. (Sundays excepted) — Cal. P. R. R. Steamer (from Broadway Wharf) — Connecting at Vallejo with Trains for Calistoga, Knight's Landing and Sacramento.

4.00 P. M. (Sundays excepted) — Sacramento Steamer (from Broadway Wharf) — Touching at Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River.

5.15 P. M. (Daily) — Overland Emigrant Train (via Oakland) — Through Freight and Accommodation.

OAKLAND BRANCH.—LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO—
7.00, 8.10, 9.20, 10.10, and 11.20 A. M.; 12.10, 1.15, 3.00, 4.00, 5.15, 6.30, 8.15, 9.20, and 11.30 P. M. (9.20, 12.20 and 3.00, to Oakland only).
LEAVE BROOKLYN (For San Francisco) — *5.30, 6.45, 7.50, 9.00 and 11.00 A. M.; 1.30, 2.45, 4.55, 6.10, 7.55 and 10.10 P. M.

LEAVE OAKLAND — *5.40, 6.50, 8.00, 9.10, 10.00 and 11.10 A. M.; 12.00, 1.40, 2.50, 3.50, 5.05, 6.20, 8.05 and 10.20 P. M.

ALAMEDA BRANCH.—LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO — 7.00, 9.00 and 11.15 A. M.; 1.30, 4.00, 5.30 and 7.00 P. M. (7.20, 11.15 and 5.30 to Fruit Vale only).
LEAVE HAYWARDS (For San Francisco) — 4.30, 7.00 and 10.45 A. M. and 3.30 P. M.

LEAVE FRUIT VALE — *5.25, 7.35, 9.00 and 11.20 A. M. 1.30, 4.05 and 5.30 P. M.

*Except Sundays.

T. H. GOODMAN, A. N. TOWNE, Gen'l Pass'gr and Ticket Ag't.

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Southern Pacific Railroad.

Time Schedule — Commencing Sept. 15th, 1872.

TRAINS SOUTH.	Through Trains.	San Jose Only.	San Jose Only.
Leave — San Francisco.....	8:40 A. M. *3:20 P. M.	14:40 P. M.	
San Jose.....Arrive	11:10 A. M.	5:42 P. M.	7:00 P. M.
Gilroy.....Arrive	12:30 P. M.		
Pajaro.....Arrive	2:20 P. M.		
Castroville.....Arrive	3:05 P. M.		
Salinas.....Arrive	3:45 P. M.		
Hollister....Arrive	2:40 P. M.		

TRAINS NORTH.	San Jose Only.	San Jose Only.	Through Trains.
Leave — Hollister.....			11:05 A. M.
Salinas.....		10:00 A. M.	
Castroville.....		10:40 A. M.	
Gilroy.....		11:30 A. M.	
San Jose.....Arrive	16:50 A. M.	7:45 A. M.	2:31 P. M.
San Francisco.....Arrive	9:10 A. M.	10:10 A. M.	5:10 P. M.

*SATURDAYS 2:30 P. M. SUNDAYS excepted.

FREIGHT TRAINS.

THROUGH TRAINS leave San Francisco at 4:15 A. M. Arrive at San Francisco at 4:25 P. M.

Trains for San Jose and Way Stations leave San Francisco at 1:00 P. M. Arrive at San Francisco at 11:30 A. M.

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